TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

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Poetry.

For the Blade.

ILLINOISE.

BY C. L. SMITH.

What's that you say?
Long-legged, -lim,
And grizzly gray?
Y-s, that was him—
That there was Illinoise,
The same what you call Jim.

Gosh dern it! Gee!
Pard, put it there!
Why, him an' me
Was took out here;
An' stranger, you kin bet your boots
That Illinoise w-a square.

He came out West
In '51,
An' done his best
To peter through;
But luck was 'gin him, an' I seed
'Twas nary go.

He worked a claim
On Baby for—
"That peak?"—
The same—
Two years or more,
And then it throwed him flat, an' he
Swoladdled, sir

Then comes along
Two cusses which
Was green an' young,
Into his ditch,
An' in less than fifteen minutes,
Blame 'em, they'd struck it rich.

Then Illinois she come one night
An' told 'em fer to git;
They couldn't see it in that light,
An' plugged him—
"Shot?"
You bet.
We planted him beside that gulch,
An' I guess he lays there yit.

Parson, come in.
Look at my crop:
Isn't it fine
Fer a mounta n chap?
Most shet down on perspectin':
Dig nearer home, and nap.

I got the seed
From one I knowed,
Who supplied the need
Of the neighborhood
In the way of corn an' 'taters;
Diggin' like that's some good.

You're goin' back
To Illinoise?
Wee, take a peek.
To show with, we raise;
An' say, tell Jim's old woman he give
The seed to one of the boys.

California, No.

For the Blade.

TWO PICTURES.

BY CARRIE E. PETERMAN.

A FARMER'S GIRL.

Down through the lane to the pasture,
Merrily tripping along,
Now and then pausing to listen
To the notes of some wild bird's song.
Cheeks like a pair of twin roses
Teeth that are white as pearl;
Was there ever a sweeter picture
Than this rosy Farmer's Girl?

Her form is slender and graceful,
Her soul like a snow white swan,
Eyes like the midnight darkness,
Lips like the rosy dawn.
Hand that a sculptor might envy,
Feet that are dainty and small
I might sit and sing of her charms all day,
But I never could tell them all.

A FARMER'S WIFE.—(*Ten Years Later.*)

Up with the sun in the morning,
Sleepy and cross as a bear;
Sleeves rolled up to the elbow,
Frowzy, uncombed hair.
The farmer dimly wonders
As he looks at her face rough and plain,
If this can be the dainty girl
He used to kiss in the lane.

Her feet all tanned and freckled,
Arms that are fat and red,
A voice like the croak of a raven,
Nary a tooth in her head.
Each day like the one before it,
A tiresome humdrum life.
Can you trace the looks of the farmer's girl
In the face of the farmer's wife?
Brush Creek, Iowa.

THE DEVIL.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do;
They've forced the door of the broadest creed to be his Majesty through;
There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his bow,
To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is stirring the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain,
And lords the earth of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?
Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,
If the Devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint, and digs the pits for his feet?
Who sows the tares in the field of Time wherever God sows his wheat?
The Devil is voted not to be, and of course the thing is true;
But who is doing the kind of work the Devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;
But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row
To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,
If the Devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make his bow and show
How the frauds and the crimes of the day are spring up—for surely we want to know.
The Devil was fairly voted out, and of course the Devil is gone;
But simple people would like to know who carries his business on.

Our Story Teller.

Written Expressly for the Blade.

CRABAPPLE FARM.

A TALE OF RURAL ENGLAND.

BY ERNEST WARREN,

Author of "Throne and Scaffold," "Court and Camp," "Mrs. Dimmond," "A Railway Mystery," "Her Highness," "A Boy and a Girl," "St. Rudwald's Crypt," "Lady Catesby's Emeralds," "Cats' Eyes," "The Death Secret," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER II.

WALLS HAVE EARS.

There are some women who are never happy unless prying and peering into other people's business, and Mrs. Susan Munro was of their number.

Starting with the belief that there was something to discover about everybody, and that no one was what he or she pretended to be, the worthy landlady of the Magpie and Stump, was forever brimming over with the importance of the mares' nests she was constantly discovering; but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and this failing of hers was not only the means of procuring the brist-eyed, good-humored vagabond who had dropped upon the village of Daisyhurst as if from the clouds, the promise of a shake down in the barn for the night, but a good square meal into the bargain, which Mrs. Munro served him in the kitchen, with her own fair plump hands, the while she questioned him and cross-examined him, in a manner which would have done credit to an Old Bailey lawyer.

It was one of those big, old-fashioned kitchens, still found in many parts of rural England, originally designed for the solitary sitting room of the house. A room with solid stone walls, a low ceiling with substantial rafters, blackened by time and smoke, and a monster open fire-hearth, at which an ox might have been roasted whole; a fire-place with seats within the recesses of its vast chimney an oaken floor, hard and firm as the day it was laid down, the boards plentifully besprinkled with fine sand, oaken settees, oaken tables, all solid and substantial, showing no signs of the wear and tear of generation after generation. Such was the kitchen of the Magpie and Stump, and thither every evening were wont to come certain of the Da'syhurst worthies to enjoy their mug of ale and to smoke long clay pipes the while they interchanged the gossip of the village, and yarned and speculated on such facts from the outer world as reached them from time to time.

Farmer Filkin with his friend and inseparable companion, Sam Hodge, were the first to arrive, to stare, to nudge each other, and sit down as far as possible from the ragged tramp, whom they regarded with evident mistrust and suspicion, but the stranger was proof against such behavior. He pulled his little black pipe from his pocket, filled and lighted it, stretched out his bulging, battered boots toward the cheery blaze in the great stone hearth, and struck in without a moment's hesitation, when Mr Filkins in a hoarse whisper commenced to converse with Mr. Hodge, and established himself at once as an equal, and one on a familiar footing.

One by one, others joined the party, but let who would come, the stranger had a cheery and appropriate word for all, a story of personal adventure, a racy little anecdote, a scrap of verse, a merry riddle to ask, till somehow or other, and without knowing it, the regular frequenters of the Magpie and Stump, the hardy old agriculturists, who had sat in the same corners interchanging the same remarks night after night, year after year, found themselves fascinated by this ragged, good looking tramp, who had come no one knew whence, was going no one knew whither, and compelled to admit him into their companionship, despite his shiny, torn clothes, wi h but a single button, his colored flannel shirt, with a roll collar and faded, frayed sailor's knot tie.

He sang to them as well. First a jolly rollicking sea song with a voice so full and mellow, so hearty and genial, that Mrs. Munro was tempted by it to leave the recesses of her snuggery and make her way to the kitchen and listen entranced, to the serious detriment of the dainty supper she was cooking for her good man.

It was on the strength of this song, that the vagabond by common acclaim was invited to take the old black high backed chair at the head of the table, a chair, which for years had been by prescriptive right, the property of Andrew Biles, the parish clerk, on account of his presumed learning, and his connection with the church.

From this position of honor, the vagabond warbled another song; a little plaintive ditty in a foreign language; but so soft, so sweet, so sad in its melody, that it brought the tears into the eyes of his listeners; while Biles, who entered the kitchen while it was being sung, at first crimsoned with wrath at finding his seat usurped by a good-for-nothing, ne'er-do-weel in a ragged coat and cracked boots, but ultimately yielding to the influence of song and singer, quietly subsided without a word and took a back seat.

There was no end to the entertainment to be extracted from this young fellow. With a dirty, frayed pack of cards, with which the men of Daisyhurst were sometimes wont to beguile the hours, he performed the most marvelous tricks, bidding this one and that appear at his command. But it was this legerdemain that for a moment marred his popularity. A sixpence (borrowed) disappeared in a most unaccountable manner as soon as placed in the tramp's broad brown palm, and confidence was only restored by his plucking it from the grey beard of Ned Grimshaw, the blacksmith, and returning it to the owner.

Never before had such an evening been known at the Magpie and Stump.

Mrs. Munro let her husband's supper burn, and the landlord e ning himself to see the cause, was so taken by the songs, the stories, the tricks, and the jokes of the man he had bidden begone to the poorhouse that, in a fit of unheard of liberality, he ordered glasses round for the entire company.

The ball thus started was kept rolling by the rest of the company, and many a lusty stave was chanted that night in the kitchen of the Magpie and Stump, and many hearty chorus made the wormeaten, blackened rafters, ring again.

Mr. Biles, the parish clerk, found a seat close to the stranger's side, and from him, in the course of a desultory conversation, the vagabond heard some further particulars respecting the old couple, whose names Mrs. Munro had been the first to mention to him.

"The Bennocks? Lord love ye—yes, yes man and boy I've known them a matter of 50 years. They had a son, born in their old age, the very apple of their eyes, but he was a bad lot—a bad lot. He was a grief and sorrow to them, and was like to have been their death, when for some mad freak or other he quit Daisyhurst, and ran away to sea. From that day to this, they never heard a word of him—not so much as a word. Drowned belike. Them as go down to the sea in ships has a fearful time of it."

"What was the boy like?" asked the tramp carelessly.

"The young rascal wern't so bad looking, and now I look at you again, if he'd lived he might have grown the sort of man you be. But Lord love you—the whales had him years and years agone. He was a likely young fellow too, but terrible wild."

"And the old folks are well-to-do, and comfortable, you say?"

"Aye, aye, aye, and more than that. Old Bennock, twelve years ago, had a morsel of money left him, and everybody thought he'd gone daft, when he went and took Crabapple farm, what had always been thought a worthless bit o' land. But he knew better, he did, and a good thing he made of it, and when he got a few pounds to spare, some one advised him to put them in one of these railways, and he made a lot of money out of that, and then he got a slice of land that no body had reckoned any account by, just outside the village, and he run up half a dozen cottages, which he let as soon as ever the roofs was on, and so with one thing and another, he saved enough to buy the farm, when old Squire Martingale was sold up, and I reckon he's about as well-to-do a man as we have in Daisyhurst. He's a bit queer, too. He keeps all his money in the house. He won't trust it to them banks since Bullion & Co. went and burst in Frillingham, and he and the old lady believe as sure as there's a sun in the heavens, as that boy of theirs will come back to them before they die—which is nonsense, seeing as the whales had him ten or fifteen years agone. What I says as it's unscriptooral to think he'll be another Jonah."

When the old clock ticking in its tall wooden case in the corner of the kitchen wheezed out an asthmatic apology for striking ten the Daisyhurst folk rose from their seats as one man, drank off what remained of their ale, paid their reckoning to the smiling-faced Mrs. Munro who stood at the door to receive it, and went their ways to their homes, wishing the vagabond a hearty good-night with the hope that they might all meet again.

Then Silas Munro lighting a big stable lantern called the stranger to follow him, and lead the way across the yard to the barn, and with an injunction to sleep sound and be up betimes, left him in the darkness.

With the quick eye of a man accustomed to knock about the world roughing it, but making the best of everything, the wayfarer had noticed a pile of sacks by the barn wall, and to these he made his way, and creeping in between them, curled himself round, dormouse fashion, and composed himself for sleep.

But sleep would not respond immediately to his wooing, and he lay awake, with the words he had heard from the parish clerk, respecting the old couple at Crabapple Farm, ringing in his ears.

"A bad lot—a bad lot—a grief and sorrow to his parents."

How the words seemed to ring in his ears.

"He might have grown the sort of man you be. The whales got him—the whales got him—Crabapple farm—Crabapple farm." And so the weary wayfarer was dozing off when a voice close to him, at lesst so it appeared to his excited fancy, repeated aloud the very words which had been last in his mind:

"Crabapple farm!"

He sat up and listened. The words he heard caused him to spring from the sacking on which he lay and hasten across the barn to the door, but Silas Munro was a careful man, He wanted no tramps loafing around his premises in the dark watches of the night and he had locked his guest in for security.

Eagerly he looked around him and a gleam of light from an unglazed opening in the wall offered him a means of exit. With sailor-like agility he climbed up by the help of an old chaff-cutter, and forcing his body through the narrow aperture dropped to the ground on the other side of the barn.

"I told you so. I knew how it would be," said Silas Munro, when he came to liberate his prisoner in the morning and found the bird had flown. "He's a bad lot, and if we don't hear of somebody being robbed and murdered before the day's out I'm a Dutchman!"

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD FOLKS.

Crabapple Farm was a long low stone building, old beyond the memory of man. The walls were huge square blocks, roughly shaped when dug from a deep quarry in the neighboring hillside. Stained with the weather of centuries, overgrown with moss and lichens and small-leaved ferns, growing in their interstices, the strong battlemented walls told of a time when every landowner made his house his castle, and was ready to defend his property against the assaults of freebooters and cattle robbers.

But those days had long passed away into the oblivion of the ages, and the aspect of Crabapple Farm, despite its battlements and loopholed walls, was one of peace, rest and quiet. The courtyard was thronged with the fowls, and ducks, turkeys and geese, for which the Bennocks had a fame extending to all the market towns round about. The barns were well filled with grain, the haystacks stood strong and sturdy behind the house, while the gentle lowing of the cows in the home paddock seemed to vouch for the excellence of the cheese and butter which stood in the long, cool, stone-floored dairy waiting market day.

Martin Bennock had made Crabapple Farm what it was. He had taken a wild waste of land with a bad name to it, and had transformed it into one of the best paying farms in the county. A simple man, he, with but little learning and with no higher ambition than to make the most of the land in his care. A plain, honest, straightforward God-fearing woman, his wife, with no greater desire than to please "her man," and to assist him to the best of her power in turning the farm produce to the best advantage.

While the vagabond sat in the kitchen of the Magpie and Stump, Farmer Bennock and Mistress Sally (as she was always called round about Daisyhurst) occupied their respective chairs, one on either side the huge stone fireplace, he with his long clay pipe, she with her knitting, moving the needles quickly to and fro, and in and out, the while she chattered to her lord and master.

"You got the money for the pigs today, Martin?" she asked.

"Surely. I put it in the old oak chest as soon as I got back."

"There's a power of money in that chest, Martin."

"So there be, Sally—so there be. It's safer there than in them rascally banks. You Don't think as maybe it isn't safe?"

"Nay, nay, Martin, tweren't that as my thoughts was on. What use be the money to we, Martin? We're two old folk, with never kith nor kin, and when we go that long journey, Martin—and it can't be long first—what use is the money? It don't seem worth while to pile penny on penny, and add shilling to shilling, all to come to naught."

"Ah Sally," said the old farmer, looking across at the wife, who, despite forty years of married life, was the same to him as when he first courted her, "ah, Sally, I wager I know your thoughts, 'Tis the boy, Sally. He will return to us yet. The years speed by, but our boy will come back."

"I can't believe the Lord would have taken him from us, him so brave and handsome and clever, and we—you and I, Martin—a poor old lone couple, with never a thing to tie us to the world, but his bright, sunny face."

"Aye, Sally, 'tis for the boy we work in our old age. I dreamt of him last night, Sally!" and the old farmer let fall his pipe, which smashed into a dozen fragments on the stones, and gazed wistfully into the glowing embers on the hearth.

"Pray heaven, it may please the Lord to let us look upon his face again before we die!" said mistress Bennock, simply.

"Amen!" responded the farmer, fervently

Then there came a dead silence, during which time the thoughts of the old couple went back, back, back, to the days when Mark, a happy, idle, frolicsome lad, was the life and soul of the farm, with his cheery, ringing laugh, his tricks, his jokes, and his nonsense. Fifteen long years ago—fifteen long years ago.

The old colley dog lying before the fire rose lazily, stretched his limbs and yawned then, as if anxious to assert himself one of the family, thrust his cold black nose into the farmers' wrinkled hand.

"We three are all that's left, mother," said the old man pathetically. "When we go, there's an end to the Bennocks, and I feel pretty well every day as if the time was nigh at hand. God's will be done."

He finished the mug of home-brewed ale, which stood at his elbow, and she, carefully folding up her knitting, put it aside in its proper basket, and then the old couple retired to their bedroom which opened off the stone kitchen in which they had been sitting, while the faithful colley curled himself up before the door and composed himself again to sleep.

He was not permitted to rest long in undisturbed slumber.

As the faint echo of the church-bell striking the hour of midnight was borne on the frosty air across the fields and meadows, to be repeated by the tinkling chimes of the old clock in its brass-bound wooden case, standing in the corner of the kitchen of Crabapple Farm, the old dog lazily lifted his head and gave utterance to a low menacing growl.

His quick sense had caught the sound of footsteps without, and he lay with open eyes and pricked ears, till the casement of the one long wide window rattled from the shaking of an intruder's hand.

Then a deep toned warning bark escaped him, and he rose to his feet, and stood with his four feet planted wide apart, watching and waiting—on guard.

The window was cautiously pushed open, and ere the faithful hound could fully realize the position of affairs, a man sprang quickly into the room, followed by a second.

No longer doubting, the colley, with a fierce and angry bark, sprang upon the first and seized him by the arm.

"Take off this infernal dog!" cried the man, with an oath. "You never told me there was this beast on the premises."

The other man drew a long, keen-bladed knife from a sheath at his waistbelt, and drew it sharply across the dog's throat, who with one yelp of pain, fell back bleeding on the sanded floor.

"Quick, quick! There is no time to be lost! That brute may have roused the house."

"What if it has? There's only the old man and his wife."

"The chest is in the bedroom?"

"Aye, aye, I've told you so a score of times. Come on."

But at that moment the door of the inner chamber opened, and Martin Bennock, aroused by the barking of the dog, came out, a lantern in one hand, a sturdy oak sapling in the other.

"What do you men want here?" he cried.

For answer they both rushed upon him simultaneously, but old though he was, his eye was quick, and his arm sturdy, and the sapling rose and descended on the head of the first man, he whom the dog had seized as he entered by the window, and stretched him senseless on the floor.

The second ruffian held the bare blade with which he had cut the colley's throat, glistening in his hand, and kept a wary distance.

"I don't want to hurt you, mister," he said. "'Twill be your own fault if you and I come to blows. I want the money you've got in that oak chest in your bedroom. There, you have my business in a nutshell. Fork it out, and I'll go away as peaceably as a lamb—show fight, and —well, look to yourself, that's all."

"Give him the money, Martin—give him the money!" cried Mistress Sally, who aroused by the noise of the altercation, now appeared upon the scene."

"That's right, old lady. I don't want to do neither of you no hurt, but that money I must and will have, by fair means or foul."

"No you won't, you scoundrel!" cried Farmer Bennock, as with a sudden blow he struck the knife from the robber's hand.

Then the man rushed at him, and with a powerful grip, seized him in such a fashion as to render him incapable of using his strong oaken cudgel.

Mrs. Bennock ran to the door, and throwing it wide open, called for help, but the only answer was the mocking echo from the wooded hills.

The two men, the young and the old, held one another in a tight grip; the woman rushed frantically across the yard to the building, where some of the laborers upon the farm were quartered.

"Leave, go, you old fool, or it will be the worse for you!" cried the robber, and with a sudden effort, he threw off the farmer's hold, and with a quick twist well known to wrestlers, threw him heavily on his back upon the floor.

Then with a knee upon his chest, he reached his arm to find the knife struck from his hand a few moments before. Just as his fingers clasped the handle, and he felt secure of his helpless victim, however, a muscular hand seized him from behind, around the neck, and rolled him over on the floor, and quick as thought, the robber's wrists were securely fastened behind his back with one piece of cord, while a second bound his legs so that he was unable to rise.

"Get up, old gentleman," said the new comer, who had wrought this good deed, and his voice was cheering and assuring. "Get up, old gentleman; you're more frightened than hurt, I guess. Are there any more of these villains about? You've settled one, it seems, and I'm responsible for number two. Are there any more? We are good for a dozen such curs as these," and he contemptuously touched the body of the prostrate burglar with the toe of a cracked and bulging boot.

"That's all—two—only two—no more," cried Farmer Bennock, as he took the vagabond's proffered hand, and staggered to his feet. "You've saved my life, sir, whoever you may be, and wherever you may have come from, and I'm grateful—you'll find I'm grateful."

"Never mind that. You'd have done the same for me, I'll be bound. Hullo, who are all these?"

As he spoke, Mistress Sally, in a huge night cap, with a fearful and wonful wrapper, returned, holding a stable lantern high in hand, and followed by a sleepy crew of some half-dozen men, rudely awakened from their slumbers and barely conscious of what had happened, or what might be required of them.

"Save him—save him!" cried mistress Sally, who, seeing her husband shaking hands with a tall, well built young fellow in tattered garb, took it for granted it was the continuance of the struggle.

The laborers rushed headlong at the farmer's deliverer, and it might have fared ill with him, had not Martin Bennock held up a warning hand.

"Friends," said he, "to this young man—this stranger—I owe my life. Sally, thank him. I'm a bit dazed and muzzy-like, and I don't rightly know how it happened; but you'd have worn a widow's cap, Sally, if he'd not come in, the moment he did."

"Thank you, sir, with all my heart!" said Mistress Bennock, dropping a curtesy, and then noting the shabby, disreputable appearance of her husband's rescuer, she muttered to herself, "He looks for all the world like another of 'em—heaven shield us from harm, but it's a wicked world!"

"I've done all I can do," said the tramp. "You'd better let some of your fellows look after these scamps till the morning, and then have them taken over to Frillingham jail. I'll look in about breakfast time, to see how you are getting on. Hullo! there's the dog. He looks in a pretty bad way. Dead? No, but precious near it. Give me some linen, I'm a bit of a doctor, Jack of all trades—you know what follows. The brutes! They might have spared the dog!" and the next minute, he was kneeling on the floor, binding up the poor colley's wounds, who turned a feeble head, and gently licked his hand in gratitude.

"Look, Martin, look!" cried Mistress Sally, as the full light of the lantern fell upon the young man. "Oh, Martin, can it be? Has heaven heard our prayers? Yes; it is—it is our son! Mark! Mark!" she cried hysterically, as she held out her trembling arms. "My boy returned! My son! My boy! Why did you not tell us? God is good, and we are no longer childless, Martin, for Mark has come home!"

"Mark? Is it Mark?" said the old man, shading his eyes and speaking in a half-choked voice. "My son returned!" and the tears rolled down his rugged cheeks.

The vagabond rose slowly, and looked from one to the other, as one amazed and bewildered. His mother threw her arms around his neck, his father grasped him by the hand, and yet he had not a loving word for either parent.

He stood as one dumbfounded, his lips, whence words usually flowed so glibly, parted, but no sound came from them.

"Lord, measter!" cried one of the laborers, pushing forward, and staring him full in the face, "be you young Mark? To think of that, surely! Be you the old measter's son for true?"

"You hear farmer Bennock say so," answered the vagabond.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Spencer F. Baird, secretary of the Smithsonian institution, recommends that all water for drinking purposes, unless known to be pure, be boiled half an hour. He relates his experience with it during the Philadelphia exposition, and says he believes this course would have averted the epidemic at Plymouth.

Humor.

MY ADVENTURE IN ARIZONA.

BY A FRUIT TREE AGENT.

In the summer of 187–, like many another young man, I concluded to take Horace Greeley's advice and "go West;" and as I was not acquainted with any other kind of pioneer work, in particular, that I might as well benefit not only myself, but also others, by engaging in my old business, of selling fruit trees. And it was while thus engaged, in the central part of Arizona, that I met with the adventure which I am about to relate.

I was taking orders for the fall delivery in a section of country which was but thinly settled at that time, but which promised very finely as a fruit growing section.

On the particular day to which I am about to refer, I had been traveling nearly all day with very poor success, and toward night, footsore and weary, I came in sight of a fine looking farm house; and as I had been traveling all day without any dinner at all, I stopped at this place to try and get some supper and obtain lodging for the night.

A pleasant looking woman came to the door in answer to my knock, and when I had made my wants known, said that they had already been to supper, but that if I would come in and wait a few minutes she would get me some supper; to which I gladly complied. While I was eating supper, she said that her husband was at work at some distance from the house and would be back soon, but that as it was several miles to the next house, she would take the liberty to tell me that I could stay over night.

After I had been there some little time the husband returned, but from the time that he first came to the house, I saw that something had gone wrong with him, as he hardly spoke to me, and answered the questions of his wife as briefly as possible, and that in a crabbed tone of voice. As the old man seemed to be so cross, I thought it would not be wise to broach the subject of fruit trees to him that night, but wait until morning, and see if he would not be better natured, and I stand more of a chance of selling him a good bill of trees. During the evening, as it was bright and moonlight, I thought I would take a walk and look around the premises, to see whether he had any trees already set out, and what prospect there was of my selling him a bill of trees in the morning.

I found that he had already got a few trees set out, and had left quite a space abparently for the purpose of setting out more. I was well satisfied with the prospect, and thought I would be able to take a good order in the morning. But what was my surprise when I returned to the house to find the door locked and my valise setting out on the doorstep. I also noticed that the lights had been all put out. I tried the other doors, but they were all locked, and I could obtain no answer to my call, and I was obliged to come to the conclusion that this was a practical outcome of the anger of the old man and that they had intended to freeze me out.

I hardly knew what to do for a few minutes, but noticing a barn across the road, concluded that as it was late in the evening, as well as being several miles to the next house, that I would go to the barn and sleep on the hay mow.

I found the barn was not locked, and so I went in and climbed up the stairs and laid down on the hay in the loft and was soon asleep. I do not know how long I had been sleeping when I was awakened by the sound of voices. I lay perfectly still and listened and I soon found there were two men, apparently tramps, coming up the stairs to the hay-mow. I noticed as they were coming up that they were quarreling and disputing about something; and after they had got up on the mow they began trying to settle their dispute by other means than words; as I concluded by the sounds, although it was so dark that I could not see them. I heard a sound of one of them falling upon the mow, and immediately I heard the other one climb down stairs and run down the road.

He had not been gone long when I felt something roll down towards where I was lying; I put out my hands to see what it was; and found that it was the body of a man apparently lifeless. By the dim light of the moon which came in through the cracks in the side of the barn, I could see that my hands were covered with blood, and that my clothes were also spattered with it. I began to be frightened; here was I with a man who had been murdered, and myself covered with his blood, which would very naturally throw suspicion on me as the murderer. And at that time people there did not wait to have a man tried for a crime, but lynched him, even on a case of suspicion.

Under these circumstances, I concluded that the sooner I was out of that section the better it would be for me; so I took my valise and started down the turnpike as fast as I could walk. I had walked perhaps three or four miles, when I heard the sound of horsemen coming down the road. I well knew that it was a Vigilance Committee, who were after me; but thought that as there was small chance of escape, it would be best to put on a bold face, and appear as unconcerned as possible. As they came nearer I heard one of them say "There is our man." They soon overtook me, and after they had taken me, they held a short consultation together, after which the leader told me that as I had but a short time to live I had better make my confession; but as I had nothing to confess, I related the circumstances as I have related them here. But the leader and spokesman of the party said "that my story was too thin." And after they had taken a vote they decided to lynch me; and as they had a rope with them, (as the vigilance committees always have on such occasions), they took me down the road to a piece of woods; and there made a noose of one end of the rope and placed it around my neck, and threw the other end of the rope over a limb, and several of them laid hold of that end of the rope to pull me up; but the leader said that before they pulled me up they would give me one more chance to confess; but as I had nothing to confess, I told them the same story as before.

But this did not have any effect on them, and they unanimously agreed that I must swing.

No one who has not thus faced death, can realize the situation. All my past life, my friends in the East, and a thousand other things, came up in a moment before me. I plead for life but they were merciless; and at a word from the leader they pulled on the rope, and I hung suspended in the air.

But after they had pulled me up, the leader ordered them to let me down, and see if I would not confess now; but as I had nothing to confess, I told them the same straightforward story as before. After this they held a consultation together, and the leader said that I might be innocent; at least that I told my story alike each time, and that it might be true. That he had a new plan, anyway; that there were some old empty hogsheads lying down in the edge of the woods, about half a mile from the road; and that his plan was to take me down and head me in one of the hogsheads, and leave me to my fate. The rest agreed to this plan, which they immediately put into execution, and after they had placed me in the hogshead, and securely headed it up, they left me to my fate.

At first a feeling of relief came over me, to think that I had escaped death; but after I had lain there till the next afternoon, and the pangs of hunger began to be seriously felt, I gave up hope. As I had nothing with which to cut my way out, I could not see but that I must die there by slow degrees of starvation.

I lay in this position until some time the next night, when I was surprised to hear steps coming towards me. At first I thought that it was some person, and I called at the top of my voice, but the sound of my own voice, shut in as I was, nearly deafened me. I then laid still and listened; the steps continued to come nearer to me; but I soon concluded that it was some animal. There was a good-sized bunghole to the hogshead left open, or I should have suffocated; and through this I could see that it was a very large black bear.

At first an involuntary feeling of security came over me to think that I was safe from the bear, but soon the sickening thought returned to me that I might better take my chances with a bear than die by slow degrees where I was.

The bear came up to the hogshead and began sniffing around. He immediately smelt me and wanted to get at me, as he continued to sniff and walk around the hogshead. In some unaccountable manner, as the bear was working around the hogshead he managed to get his tail through the bunghole of the hogshead. I immediately froze to that bear's tail. You never saw a bear as frightened as that bear was. He started as fast as he could possibly run, with the hogshead after him, and me hanging on to his tail for dear life.

He took me (in less time than it takes to tell it) over the rocks, and knocking and bumping against the trees, down into a deep ravine some 200 or 300 feet below. I never want to take another such a ride. But it knocked the hogshead to pieces and released me, and the last I saw of that bear he was running as if the Evil One was after him, up the opposite hill, some half a mile away. I immediately got up and started for the East, never stopping to look for my valise. I walked to the nearest railroad station, and there took a ticket for the East, and have never since even had a desire to go West.

Three Small Stories.

"And so you have received a divorce from that vagabond husband of yours, Mrs. Smith?"

"Yes, I am glad to say that I have."

"Didn't you feel quite overpowered when you heard the decision of the Judge?"

"Not exactly. I felt sort of unmanned, so to speak."

"Now, Mary," said a father to his daughter who had a lover of the never-go home-at-a-decent-time-of-night kind, "I have no objection to your bringing company to the house, but I don't want to see that Keely motor beau of yours here again; that's flat."

"My what beau?"

"Your Keely motor beau."

"Why do you call him by such a name?"

"Because he is one of those chaps that won't go."

"Bring me quail on toast, waiter."

"Sorry, sir, but we're all out of quail."

"What?"

"Yes, sir; very sorry, sir."

"That's strange."

"Yes, sir; but since the war was made on the English sparrows, quail have been very scarce, sir."

An Unlucky Merchant.

It occurred while the legislature was in session at Austin. The clerk took in a bad $10 bill, and his employer, who is a very close man, threatened to deduct it from his wages unless he shoved it off on some other customer. He said that he did not intend the firm should lose it. Next morning when the proprietor came down, the clerk met him with a beaming smile and said:

"We have got rid of that bill. I shoved it off on another fellow yesterday afternoon, so you see the firm won't lose a cent."

"On whom did you palm it off?"

"I threw thee on account of the firm with a member of the legislature, and we lost."

The merchant did not say anything more at the time, but as soon as he was alone he took out his pocketbook and examined several $10 bills, and he discovered that among the money he had won from a member of the legislature from Northern Texas, on the night before, was the identical $10 counterfeit bill.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Cautious President.

The frequency with which New York bank cashiers take advantage of their opportunities is causing some distrust. The president of a New York bank remarked not long since, to one of the principle stockholders and depositors:

"I feel much safer about the funds than I did last week."

"I am glad to hear it. I have been feeling very uneasy about my money. What precautions have you taken?"

"I've had a special telephone wire connected with the Grand Central depot, and man who sells tickets has got a photograph of our cashier, so if he tries to go to Canada we will know it in time to have the scoundrel arrested."

About a week afterward the president himself went to Europe with most of the assets.—*Texas Siftings.*

Mistaken Identity.

A man who had evidently just arrived by the train walked into an Austin boarding house, and asked:—

"Is Day in?"

"What Day, sah," asked the porter.

"What do I know about him? Do I look like a detective? If Day aint in, tell Week to step out here."

"What Week do you refer to, sah?"

"Oh, last week, or week before Christmas! Do you take me for an almanac? Who runs this shebang, anyhow?"

"De widow Flapjack, sah."

"Well, then, you tell her to take down her sign. I read on the sign out there, 'Boarding by Day or Week,' and now it seems that both of 'em have lit out. That sign is put up there to deceive the traveling public," and he picked up his grip-sack and swung himself on board of a street car.

Did't Want that Kind.

A colored lady from Onion creek, Mrs. Si Jackson, accompanied by her husband, recently visited Austin. She was not used to city ways, and watched with great interest some hats in the window of a millinery store, which were arranged on a revolving stand.

"Dat's a mighty nice arrangement. Yer can see how de hats looks in dem ar different persishuns," remarked old Si.

"Huh!" said his wife, "dat's so, but dis ole niggah don't put her head in no hat goes roun', and roun', and roun' like a cat what's bein pizened."—*Texas Siftings.*

Very Particular.

"Well, you may come to work in the morning," said a white woman to a colored lady whom she had just employed.

"Yessum, but, but, lady, dar am one point what we nain't settled yit."

"What is that?"

"Why, lady, yer ain't gin me no stiffer-kit o' character. I allus wants to know who I'se working fur. I got picked up de las' place I worked. I didn' ax for no character an' I hadn't been dar long tell I larned dat de lady's husband was er Dimmercrat. It's bes' ter fix dese things up at fust, lady."—*Arkansas Traveller.*

TOO PREVIOUS ARCHITECTURE.

Bill Nye's Opinion of Modern Architecture in General and Summer Residences in Particular.

It may be premature, perhaps, but I desire to suggest to any one who may be contemplating the erection of a summer residence for me, as a slight testimonial of his high regard for my sterling worth and symmetrical escutcheon—a testimonial more suggestive of earnest admiration and warm personal friendship than of great intrinsic value, etc., etc., that I hope he will not construct it on the modern plan of mental hallucination and morbid delirium tremens peculiar to recent architecture.

Of course, a man ought not to look a gift house in the gable end, but if my friends don't know any better than to build me a summer cottage and throw in odd windows that nobody else wanted, and then daub it up with colors that they have bought at auction and applied to the house after dark with a shot gun, I think it is time that we had a better understanding.

Such a structure does not come within either of the three classes of renaissance. It is neither Florentine, Roman nor Venetian. Any man can originate such a style of architecture if he will drink the right kind of whisky long enough and then describe his feelings to an amanuensis. Imagine the sensation that one of these modern, sawed-off cottages would create a hundred years from now, if it should survive! But that is impossible! The only cheering feature of the whole matter is that these creatures of disordinary imagination must soon pass away and the bright sunlight of hard horse sense shine in through the shattered dormers and gables and gnawed-off architecture of the average summer resort. A friend of mine a few days ago showed me his new house with much pride. He asked me what I thought of it. I told him I liked it first-rate. Then I went home and wept all night. It was my first falsehood.

The house, taken as a whole, looked to me like a skating rink that had started out to make money and then suddenly changed its mind and resolved to become a tannery. Then ten feet higher it had lost all self-respect and blossomed into a full-blown drunk and disorderly, surrounded by the smokestack of a foundry and with the bright future of thirty days ahead with the chain gang. That's the way it looked to me.

The roofs were made of little odds and ends of misfit rafters and distorted shingles that somebody had purchased at sheriff's sale, and the rooms and stairs were giddy in the extreme. I went in and rambled around among the cross-eyed staircases and nightmares till reason tottered on her throne. Then I came out and stood on the architectural wart called the side porch to get fresh air. This porch was painted a dull red, and it had wooden rosettes at the corners that looked like a bran new carbuncle on the nose of a social wreck. Farther up on the demoralized lumber pile I saw, now and then, places where the workman's mind had wandered, and he had nailed on his clapboards wrong side up and then painted them with Paris green that he had intended to use on something else. It was an odd-looking structure, indeed. If my friend got all the material for nothing from people who had fragments of paint and lumber left over after they failed, and then if the workmen constructed it nights for mental relaxation and intellectual repose, without charge, of course, the scheme was a financial success; but architecturally the house is a gross violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the state.

There is a look of extreme poverty about the structure which a man might struggle for years to acquire and then fail. No one could look upon it without feeling a heartache for the man who built that house, and probably struggled on year after year, building it a little at a time, as he could steal the lumber, getting a new workman each year, building a knob here and a protuberance there, putting in a three-cornered window at one point, and a yellow tile, or a yard of broken glass or other debris at another, patiently filling in around the ranch with an old rubbish that other people had got through with, and painting it as he went along, taking what was left in the bottom of the pots after his neighbors had painted their bobstays or their tree boxes—little favors thankfully received—and then surmounting the whole pile with a potpourri of roof, a grand farewell in cubus of humps and hollows for the ruin to wander through and seek out the different cells where the lunatics live who inhabit it.

I did tell my friend one thing that I thought would improve the looks of his house. He asked me eagerly what it could be. I said it would take a man of great courage to do it for him. He said he didn't care for that. He would do it himself. If it only needed one thing he would never rest till he had it, whatever it might be. Then I told him that if he had a friend—one he could trust—who would steal in there some night while the family were away and scratch a match on the leg of his breeches, or on the breeches of any other gentleman who happened to be present, and hold it where it would ignite the alleged house, and then remain near there to see that the fire department did not meddle with it, he would confer a great favor on one who would cheerfully retaliate in kind on call.

An Appropriate Text.

A mother fond of her two children, observing a disposition between them to be irritable and contentious, advised as a remedy that they commit appropriate Scripture verses and recite one each morning at the breakfast table, to be observed as a lesson for the day. A few mornings ago she said: "——, now what is your verse?" "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God," responded the little girl. "——, now your verse, said the mother, and to her astonishment the boy responded: "Now, then, it is no more that I do it, but sin that dwelleth in me!" The ebbullition of laughter that began to burst forth was suppressed by the parents.

Recent Literature.

A MARSH ISLAND. By Sarah Orne Jewett Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

As an almost photographic character study "A Marsh Island" has great merit. Its delicacy of touch, the atmosphere, so to speak, in which the picture of the old farm house and its quiet life stands forth, the refinement of feeling, the intelligent quality of its conversations, all invest it with a high rank in a branch of literature that is something between an essay and a story, which is almost original with Miss Jewett, and in which she has the field exclusively to herself.

DOWN THE RAVINE. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

The scenes of Miss Murfree's latest story lie in the Tennessee mountain region, and the characters belong mainly to a settlement in which a tannery is the principal establishment. The story was originally written for a youth's magazine, and the hero of it is a boy of the tannery, who has discovered "down the ravine" a mass of yellow mineral which he supposes to be gold. It is a story of the triumph of honesty over treachery and temptation.

BY SHORE AND SEDGE. By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

This pretty little volume contains the three latest of Bret Harte's newspaper sketches—"An Apostle of the Tules," "Sarah Walker," and "A Ship of '49." They possess all the characteristics of the works that have made Bret Harte so famous.

MR. OLDMIXON. By Dr. W. A. Hammond. A. Appleton & Co. New York.

This is the third novel Dr. Hammond has turned out within the year, and like the two former, it is extremely readable. There are grave faults about it, but the average reader can pardon these for the sake of a fresh, interesting story. The plot hinges upon the discovery of an unpremeditated, but completely concealed murder through that peculiar mental phenomena which is called "clairvoyance," for lack of a better name. Dr. Hammond's extensive practice as a physician, and his researches in the line of mental alienism have brought to his hand a vast amount of material, of some of which he has evidently availed himself in this volume. It is an interesting book.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HEART. By Ernest A. Young. George W. Ogilvie, Chicago.

C. H. Brouson, the well-known critic, says of it: "Truly a readable novel. Its interest does not lag from the first page to the last. Its literary style is incomparable. I picked it up to read a chapter or two and finished the story before I could leave it. The characters portrayed are true and lifelike, and the story is as well, intensely interesting and dramatic—tender in its pathos, bright in its humor, crowded with human interest."

THE COMMON SENSE OF THE EXACT SCIENCES. By W. K. Clifford. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This volume is the latest issue in "The International Scientific Series." This is the fifteenth number of this popular series of scientific books, and is really a valuable treatise on the first principles of the mathematical sciences.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.

The July number is exceedingly interesting. Among the articles of especial interest are "The New Portfolio," by Oliver Wendell Holmes; "The Singular Case of Joshuran Barker," by John Wilkinson; "The Two Temples," by Alice Brittier; "Childhood in Mediæval Art," by Horace E. Scudder; "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "A Bit of Bird-Life," by Olive Thorne Miller; "China Speaks for Herself," "Daniel De Foe and Thomas Shepard," by Edward Everett Hale; "On Horseback," by Charles Dudley Warner; and "Southwestern Kansas Seen with Eastern Eyes," by M. H. Leonard; "The Contributors' Club" and other departments make up a very complete number. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

OUTING.

The July issue is emphatically a college number. The leading paper is an elaborate and most interesting review of the rowing contests between Harvard and Yale from their first race, in 1852, to the present time. The number also contains two striking articles by Prof. Edward Hitchcock, of Amherst, and E. L. Richards, of Yale, concerning the development of physical education and athletic sports at each of these institutions. Mr. Thomas Stevens, who is making a tour round the world, contributes a paper concluding the account of his ride across the American continent. The number also contains much other matter of interest to lovers of out-door recreations. The Wheelman Co., publishers, Boston.

THE QUIVER.

The July *Quiver* comes well filled and is welcome wherever it makes its way. The frontispiece illustrates the poem "Towards the Source," and gives us a mother's old soul sitting before her cottage door in an ample rocking chair. Dr. John Stoughton opens the number with a continuation of his "Sunday Thoughts in Other Lands." Serials, short stories, poetry and pictures enliven and give variety to the number. Cassell & Co., New York.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

The July number of this, the best of the cheap magazines, is at hand. Although it costs but $1.50 per year, there is nothing cheap about it, either in matter or make-up. It is beautifully illustrated. The literary matter is of the first class, and is especially adapted for the family circle. Cassell & Co., New York.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

for July opens with "On this Side." No serial published during the present year has excited wider interest or been more unanimously commended. "A Temple Pilgrimage," by Henry Frederic Reddell, describes very delightfully the buildings and perlieus of those famous "inns of court," the Middle and Inner Temple. "Where to next Vacation," by Alice Wellington Rollins, offers a tempting bait to summer tourists in its fascinating description of the scenery of the Great Lakes and the varied incidents of the inland voyage from Buffalo or Detroit to Duluth. "The Pioneers of the Southwest" is the first of two historical papers by Edmund Kirke. An article by J. Bunting, on the late Joseph J. Mickley, the well-known collector of coins, autographs, and rarities of many kinds, and a man of singular simplicity and charm of mind, will interest readers of kindred tastes and pursuits, while those who like sea-sports and a dash of adventure will find attraction in "The White-Whalers," by C. F. Holder. Miss Thecker's "Aurora" is brought to a satisfactory conclusion in this number, which also contains some capital short stories and sensational papers. J. B. Lippincott & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

The July number is unusually bright and entertaining. It contains some exceedingly readable articles, among which are "Among the sea Islands of Georgia;" "The Chinese Exhibit at the New Orleans Exposition," both of which are illustrated; "The Conjugal Poets," "Edward Jenner," the originator of Vaccination; "Chautauqua Lake and Chautauqua School;" and "Shall I get a Camera?" by Prof. Barnard. Jenny June furnishes a paper, "Can Women Travel Alone?" and the various departments are, as usual, replete with instructive information. The frontispiece is an oil picture, "Spring-time of Love." 17 East Fourteenth street, New York. $2 a year.

Danger of Mouth Breathing.

The enterprising president of the bicycle club in Springfield, Mass., has devised an invention for the relief of racers. In such violent exercise as riding a bicycle race it is impossible to breathe through the nose fast enough. Breathing through the mouth inflames the mouth and lungs, especially on a raw, windy day, so severely that a racer has been known to be unable for a week after a sharp contest to eat bread or dry fruit. Hence it is necessary to hold something in the mouth to excite a flow of saliva. The invention alluded to, like all great discoveries, is very simple. It consists of a bottle of lemon juice or something else attached to the handle bar of the machine and connected by a rubber tube with a mouth-piece to be held between the lips. The bicyclers have discovered the explanation of the fact, long known to horsemen, that trotters can make better time on a mild, warm day than on a cold day. It is because the cold air more rapidly dries up the saliva.

Attempted to Cremate His Daughter and Murder His Wife.

About 10 o'clock Sunday morning great excitement was caused in the village of West Wheeling, W. Va., in the attempt of a Polish potter, one Keffler, to cremate the body of his daughter in one of the kilns of his works. The man said he was too poor to give his child burial. Early in the morning he fired the kiln, and strapped the body to a board so that it might be pushed into the furnace. His intentions leaked out, and soon a crowd of 150 or 200 indignant people gathered; the city marshal of Bellaire was sent for, and the body was removed from the custody of the parents and given a burial by Sen. Wagner and others.

Sunday night it was reported that Keffler had attempted to kill his wife with an axe, saying that he had been commanded by the Almighty to take her life.

COMING OF THE CICADÆ.

The Seventeen-Year Locusts—A Description of the Insects Which Live for Love and Eating.

Among the groves in many sections of the country there is now a concert such as is heard only once in seventeen years. The air is filled with a humming something like what would be made by two or three hundred large swarms of bees, except that the pitch is a little lower and the occasional obligatos or solos are those of bass instruments. On looking at the trees the musicians are easily decernable. They are the "seventeen-year locusts," thousands of which are seen on a single limb of the trees, while others circle clumsily about in the air. Under foot and on the trunk of every tree, on nearly every leaf and blade of grass are the discarded overcoats of these small musicians, whose song is always an address to their ladyloves; for they are rare lovers, these clumsy fellows. The tender passion is the sole object of their existence. Love gives them wings, and they flaunt themselves in the sun for a briet space, like some gay Lothario, and like him they dissipate every energy, and then fall to the earth and die. When examined after death, they are found to be a mere shell, scarcely more substantial than that they cast off when they began their amatory career. It is true that the female, before her death, goes to some trouble to drill holes in the bark of trees for the purpose of laying her eggs, after which she, too, falls and dies, leaving as empty a carcass as that of her mate. For seventeen years have these hopeful creatures been waiting in the dark recesses of the earth for the time when fate will throw them together, and for seventeen years have they been laying in a goodly supply of food, so that when their honeymoon shall arrive they may waste no time in idle, vulgar feeding, but may devote themselves entirely to the cultivation of each other's acquaintances; and so, through affection, they starve to death.

There seems to be no reason for calling these insects locusts, any more than there would be for calling a bat a bird. They belong to the family of *cicada septendecim*, or seventeen-year *cicada*. They have broad, short bodies, broad heads, large red eyes on each side of the head and three eyelets on the crown. Their wings and wing-covers are transparent and veined, their bodies are brown, their legs reddish brown, and rather inadequate for their bodies, with no power of springing like grasshoppers. The male is the musician; he has a pair of kettle-drums, one on each side of the body behind the hard thorax and just back of the wings. In the cavity inside of the drum are cords fastened to the inside of the plaited parchment. By contracting and relaxing these muscles, the drum-heads are made to emit the sound. The intensity of the sound is increased by the cavities within the body.

The insect has been known in this country certainly since 1633, and has been seen at regular intervals since then, though it does not appear at all places in the same year. In each locality where it has appeared, however, it recurs at intervals of about seventeen years. The coming of these insects thus regularly and in such great swarms was probably the cause of their being called locusts, suggesting, as they do by these means, the migratory locust of the Eastern world, the flights of which have been so destructive to vegetation and often so pestilential in their effects. The seventeen-year cicada produces no such terrible results; in fact, the chief alarm at his presence probably grows out of his name, which causes him to be mentally associated with Egyptian plagues, and African and Asiatic famines. The cicada takes his food under ground, and when visible is not even thinking of eating. The only damage done by this variety after it reaches its perfect state, is the damage done by the female in laying her eggs. This is an interesting process.

The female has a conical body under which she has a longitudinal channel for the reception of an instrument with which she pierces the limbs of trees. This piercer consists of three parts, the inner one fitting into grooves of the outer two. The outer parts are provided with saw-like teeth; the central part is spear-pointed and is used as a boring instrument. The female selects a small twig, clasps it on both sides with her legs and then sets her saws and auger to work thrusting them obliquely into the bark and wood in the direction of the fiber. The action of the saws leaves fibrous cover for the eggs. The eggs are conveyed into the nest through the piercer and are deposited in pairs, the woody fiber serving to keep them separate. The nests contains fifteen or twenty eggs each. Then the insect moves on and makes another nest, and continues to do so until she has stocked the limb, when she goes to another. She lays four or five hundred eggs, taking about fifteen minutes to a nest. After a while she gets tired, tries to fly, falls to the ground and dies. The little limb has probably been killed by the cutting it has received and a good wind will throw it to the ground, where the young hatch out in a month or so. If the limb does not fall the young grubs, which are lively, though only about as big as an ant, are led by instinct to throw themselves off the limb to the ground trusting to blind luck to bring up safely somewhere and often getting wrecked by their unreasoning confidence. When they touch the earth they at once bury themselves and begin to hunt around for the root of some nice, pride-of-the-orchard peach or pear tree. Finding this, they stick a long sucker into the root and begin their seventeen-year lunch. Their only meat and drink is the juice of some succulent plant. Some times their brothers and sisters get around in such numbers that they year by year killed the tree. The little creatures do not go very deeply into the earth. They grow larger in the course of time, and gradually develop the various members which they have had in embryo from the time of their hatching. When their hunger is satisfied—that is to say, after about seventeen years of continuous feeding—they begin to think of getting up into the air, for which purpose they make circuitous passages toward the earth's surface. The burrow fills up with earth as the insects ascends, but it keeps the upper six or eight inches clear. In fine weather he comes to the top of the hole and peeps out at the sun and takes the air. He keeps this up for several days, until he becomes familiar with the immediate surroundings. Then he goes on a wider voyage of discovery, selecting the night for his adventure. His ambition is to keep on getting higher, and if he starts up a blade of grass he will go to the top of it and stay there. Often he gets up on the trunk of trees, and more frequently into the limbs. When he gets tired he stops to rest, and then becomes conscious that he is a nobler bird than he knew anything about. He finds that he has a higher nature, which he cannot develop till he has gotten rid of his encumbering case. He begins to wiggle, and presently the skin cracks over his head and the forward part of his back. Then he squirms and pulls and pushes and draws himself painfully through the split in his skin. Finally he gets out and leaves the old hulk clinging to whatever he had attached himself to before he began to get too big for his breeches. This cast-off skin or shell, is a very perfect bug in appearance. Each detail of the anatomy is perfect in appearance, and one not familiar with the insect would be deceived into thinking the empty shell a genuine bug. In a little while the moisture dries off, the wings become strong and hard and, the insect has attained his fullest powers. In this state he remains a week or two, perhaps more, exhausting in this short time the strength it required seventeen years of earnest eating to obtain.

There are many enemies to the cicada—ants, certain birds, hogs, wasps and other enemies materially aiding to reduce the number of eggs and insects in all stages of development. A scouting party of ants consider it a rich find when they catch a poor cicada with only his head out of the shell of his pupa state. They send off in all directions and call in all the neighbors and they climb upon the back of the poor cicada, and they catch hold of his eyes, and four or five will take his nose, and then they march triumphantly off with the helpless youngster and bury him once more. Sometimes the ants get hungry and regard him as a hard-shell crab is regarded by gourmands; they just eat him up on the spot and leave the shell. Many of the eggs of the cicada are lost through the rapid growth of the bark over the nests made by the mother, this growth closing the opening to the nest. Many of the grubs perish in their perilous tumble to the earth. Were the visitations of the locusts more frequent, their damage to plants and trees would be serious. As it is, the damage is inconsiderable.

THE SUNNY SIDE.

Care for Health Rather than Follow Absurd Fashion.

Household.

Everybody should live on the sunny side of their houses as much as possible, and allow the sun's genial rays to penetrate the rooms. Darkened parlors are fashionable evils. True, it is gloomy enough to be ushered into a tomb-like apartment where one can scarcely grope his way to a seat, and to discover, when he is accustomed to the dim light, that every chair and sofa has on its linen "duster," apparently equipped for traveling to some unknown land. But ladies must have their carpets kept bright and fresh, even if the cheeks are paler for it. And so the shutters are tightly closed and the heavy curtains drawn. But for the sake of health and beauty, ladies, let this be done only in the "best parlor," if it must be done. Let the rooms where the family live be cheerful and sunny.

A New Guinea Dude.

Let us imagine a man about five feet nine inches in hight, his body a nice brown color, covered, if he be a masher, with red earth and varnished with oil, his face painted in different colors and a piece of polished stone through his nose, his hair long and frizzy, ornamented with bird of paradise plumes and cockatoo feathers, his teeth black or red, his ears weighed down with huge ear ornaments, his waist compressed to waspish proportions by a large belt of bark, shell armlets on his arms and dogs' teeth necklaces around his neck, a breast ornament of boars' tusks or pearl shell, a painted waist ribbon, with long streamers in front and behind, anklets and kneelets of colored flax, and a small netted bag over his shoulder—Imagine all this and you have a typical New Guinean. The women match the men. The young girls wear abundance of ornaments but after marriage few. They are all profusely tattooed, and wear a colored petticoat which reaches to the knee.

Reading on the Cars.

And we see little children wearing spectacles in school. Here is a reason for it: Every street car you enter is filled with fathers of little ones. Each of these fathers, to save half an hour's time, is reading the morning newspaper. For years these fathers have ridden from one to three miles in this jolting vehicle, with the light changing at every turn of the wheels, and with the focus of the eye adjusting itself to the print with lightning-like rapidity. If there were a sliding glass made for reading on the street car, with visible mechanism so subtle that the focus could be self-adjusted with every trembling of the object—say a wheel should fly back and forth like the balance spring of a watch—would not the reader in the car begin to understand the task which he puts on the muscles and nerves of his eyes when he opens a newspaper in the moving car? He may possibly not be wearing out his own eyes, but he is wearing out his future children's—and this beyond the chance of a doubt.

THE GRANGER'S WIFE.

He Left Her Behind, But She Knew His Whistle.

Alta California.

A tall, lank, weedy-looking old granger stepped into a Third street car yesterday, followed by a woman as lank and weedy-looking as himself. There could be no mistake about their relationship of husband and wife. But they exchanged no words, the woman peering curiously at the window, and the man cracking his finger-joints with remarkable success, for each explosion was almost as loud as a pistol shot. At Clair and Montgomery the man got up and walked to the rear platform. The wife, not noticing him, kept staring out the window. The granger put his forefinger between his lips and gave a loud shrill whistle, which made the portly conductor jump as if a bullet had struck him. The woman got up briskly and followed her lord, who stalked along the street, still grim and taciturn.

"That's the way with some of these country folk," said the conductor. "They're ashamed to call out in a car, and when they want to bring any of their women folk to attention, they whistle at 'em like they do to their dogs. Well, sir, I saw the funniest thing the other day. A granger, not unlike the rooster who just got out, got into my car with his wife, and I'm blest if he didn't forget the old woman altogether. She rode to the end of the line, and when the passengers all quit she says, 'Where's John?'

"'He got out, ma'am, six blocks up,' says I.

"'Don't you lie to me, young man,' says she. 'He never got out on his own accord. Some of those smart city thieves have drugged him and took him away to rob him, and you're in the plot.'

"Now, what could you do with a woman like that? She said she'd give me in charge, and she was making such a terrible racket that a crowd began to gather, and I was going to start my car right off, though the time was not up, when I heard a long, shrill whistle, just like that other fellow gave.

"'Whatever you did with him he escaped,' says she, 'for that's his whistle,' and off she trotted to where the big galoot was piercing the ears of the whole neighborhood. That taught me a lesson, and you bet no granger forgets his wife in my car again, if I know myself."

A Negro Strung Up in the Court-House Yard at Coshocton.

Henry Howard, a negro, who assaulted Miss Baches and Miss Phillips, near West Lafayette, was hanged from a tree in the Court-house yard at Coshocton, O., at 11 o'clock Friday night. The crowd which gathered about the jail kept increasing till 11 o'clock, when the light in front of the jail was put out and the crowd ordered back. One hundred masked men marched to the door of the jail, forced the outer door, took the keys of the jail and cell from the sheriff, and in about two minutes appeared with the prisoner. They were received with deafening cheers by the crowd, which numbered about 1,000. They took him to the center of the Court-house yard, and after getting a confession from him that he was guilty but sorry he had done the deed, they put a strong hemp rope around his neck, threw it over a limb and strung him up, everybody being eager to lend a hand.

This is the first occurrence of the kind in the county, and is strongly condemned by the best citizens.

Miss Baches, one of the young ladies assaulted, is not expected to recover.

A Polite Burglar.

Sunday morning, Daniel S. Cotton, a wealthy Detroit manufacturer, was visited by a polite burglar, who suavely regretted to disturb him, but he desired the valuables of the family, which he secured to the value of $700. He then visited the residence of Poor Commissioner Heames, from whom he secured jewelry and silverware valued at $800. In his conversation he referred to his visit to Judge Brown, of the United States District court, expressing regret that it was necessary for him to fire at the judge, and rejoicing that he did not wound him.

Beheaded His Rival.

At a fire in New York Sunday night, Wm. Atkinson and Peter Gilliam quarreled as to which should accompany home a girl to whom both were paying attention. Finally Gilliam called his rival a dog, and Atkinson, without reply, pulled a large butcher-knife from his coat and killed Gilliam, cutting his throat until his head was nearly severed from his body. The murderer was arrested and put in jail. All the parties are colored.

The Camp Fire.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

[Written for the Nineteenth Annual Encampment G. A. R., Portland, Me., July 21-25, by Kate Brownlee Sherwood.]

I stand and count the flying years upon my fingers, thus:
Five, ten, fifteen, twenty—an age it seems to us
Since, flinging down our haversack, unstripping belt and gun,
We bade good-by to want and war that day in Washington.
The bronze was in our faces and the sheen was in our eyes,
Though the fighting had been awful, boys—this fact we can't disguise;
But we strode with sturdy paces, and our hearts were all aglow,
For youth and love they beckoned us—just twenty years ago.

Now we scan each other's faces to see if we can tell
Neath bleaching locks the boyish traits we learned to love so well,
Or can tell the slender comrade, the rollicking, the gay,
In that doughty dignitary who steps so slow today?
To learn if live the gallant boys who laughed at Rebel lead,
If there were any foes to fight, or any fun ahead,
We knew the sign and countersign and gave the quick hollo,
When prowling round the picket-line—yes, twenty years ago.

And how have gone the years with you, O comrades tried and true,
Since layi g down the musket and casting off the blue?
And where is pitched your bivouac? Who messes with you now?
And are you training new recruits to toe the mark? And how
Are rations with you, comrades? What, a little short, you say?
Though you forage late and early, your prizes slide away?
But you camp in snugger quarters, aye, comrades, this we know,
Then when wrapped within your blankets—more than twenty years ago.

Hark, Hark! Yon mighty rumbling! Again and yet again!
What mean those angry echoes in the piney woods of Maine?
'Tis not the rolling tempest, the crash of rudders dashed
Against the grinding granite, the forelands ocean-lashed!
'Tis not the wrath of earthquakes come creeping through the seas,
From the ragings of Vesuvius, the battered walls of Greece!
Boom! Boom! The hills valleys tremble, the hills are all aglow,
It is the blast of Battle—four-and-twenty years ago!

Boom! Boom! The guns of Sumter are thundering at our doors,
Above the beetling breakers the tide of battle pours;
The oath of War is spoken, from mouth to mouth it runs,—
And over in Skowhegan the women man the guns.
Boom, boom! It is the call for me, it is the call for you;
Boom, boom! for men of mettle to don the Union blue;
The long roll it is sounding, it awakened at a blow
The bivouac of ages four and twenty ago!

Swing out your flags, O comrades, and keep your paces true,
For Freedom calls for valiant men when she has work to do!
Lo, there are mothers praying and wives to speak "Good cheer,"
And there are children pleading—God grant the end be near;
And there are comrades dying, their whispers thrill us yet,—
O mute and mournful memories we never can forget;
"Go, tell her that her flag and mine I saved ere stricken low,"
Ah, comrades! sad the messages of twenty years ago!

Let others sing the songs of War; we sing the songs of Peace;
The splendors of the battle pale before such thoughts as these;
For ours was not the march of hate, of devastating hand,
To set the falcons of despoil a-flying through the land;
We knew no braggart boast of arms, we had no wish to roam,
Our feet sped on where duty called, our hearts were still at home;
In weary march, in dreary camp, our ranks were all aglow,
If but the mails a letter brought—aye, twenty years ago.

O comrades, hand-in-hand upon the headland heights of Maine—
The state that never lost a flag, that never charged in vain,—
What see you on the Westward line? What see you at the South,
Where June is wreathing roses within the cannon's mouth?
Whas see you there at Gettysburg? The brooding wings of Love.
The violets a-blooming the Blue and Gray above.
Span mountain unto mountain, link vale to vale, and lo,
It is the Arch of Peace we fashioned twenty ago!

O Nation great, State linked to State in bonds that none can break,
From Ocean unto Ocean, from Gulf to Northern Lake!
State linked to State, fate linked to fate, in mart and mint and mine,
In rolling plain of golden grain, in toss of plumy pine;
State linked to State in goodly fate that sounds the swift advance,
Where banners that have wooed the world before our legions dance!
This is the dream that crowns our years; and when our heads are low,
Float out, float on, O Union flag, as twenty years ago.

Toledo, O.

Chat Around the Fire.

J. D. Montgomery, Co. I, 19th Ky., Maryville, Md.:

I am a new reader of the BLADE and I like it very much. I have eagerly watched the CAMP FIRE, and when Comrade J. W. Kenney, of the 20th Ky., spoke, I could not refrain longer. I hope others from Kentucky will write for the CAMP FIRE, and will not some of my old regiment write and give a history of it after I left it at Milliken's Bend. This will surprise some if they see this, for many thought I would not live twelve months when I was discharged.

S. Y. Hamilton, Co. L, 67th Ohio, South Fincastle, O.:

I wish to say to Comrade Samuel Navarre that I accept his criticism, for it was April 2 instead of 4 that Ft. Gee g was captured. I so stated in my letter, but supposed it to be a mistake of the printer. Would like to take Comrade Navarre by the hand. I was talking to John More, of Co. H, 67th Ohio, about the BLADE. He says he is a Democrat and can't write, but he remembers 65 of his comrades' names. When I get the blues, all I have to do do get better, is to read a Nasby letter and the CAMP FIRE letters. Comrades, let us make grand preparations for 1888. Get your Democratic friends to take the BLADE.

J. A. Boutell, Co. B, 4th Mich. Cav.:

I want to come into the CAMP FIRE, as I am, or was, a private of Co. B, 4th Michigan cavalry, and saw some of the dangers of an army life; was in the 3d brigade, 3d division, of cavalry. It consisted of the 4th U. S. R., 4th Michigan, 7th Pennsylvania, Mintry commanding. Col. Long commanded the 1st brigade, consisting of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th Ohio cavalry. Col. Wilder commanded the 2d brigade of two Illinois and two Indiana regiments, and the independent board of trade battery of Chicago was attached to the 3d division of cavalry. I would like to hear from some of the old boys.

Henry E. Spring, Co. K, 8th Ohio.:

I see in the BLADE, under date of June 4, a communication from J. B. Tattersnall, Hamilton, Minn., saying that he was a member of the 136th New York, 2d brigade, 3d division, 24 army corps. I desire to ask the comrade a few questions: First, What was the style and color of your corps badges? Second, When did your regiment, brigade, division or corps join the Western army? I should say from the reading of your article that you were in the Western army during the whole term of your service, and in consequence of your (the Western army) not having bread and butter and paper collars, they did not amount to anything. The comradeshould be very careful about casting such reflections on the army of the Potomac.

They were also without bread and butter and paper collars as well, but did some valuable service for their country. They took part in a few skirmishes, in which a few were killed and some wounded. Bull Run, seven days' fight before Richmond, Malvern's Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Antietam, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and a few other minor engagements, and it does appear to me that these were some important transactions which finally culminated in the suppressing of the late rebellion. Unless otherwise convinced, I am of the opinion that no part of the 3d division, 2d army corps, was in the Western army. But I want it understood if they were there they would not be discraced by being there.

"Soldier's Daughter," Kendall, Wis.:

I picked up your interesting BLADE of May 28, and while looking over the CAMP FIRE, noticed a letter from one, signed a soldier's daughter from Illinois, and I wish to say a few words to them. I believe all soldiers deserve a pension to help them support their families. She seems to think that none only the lower class answered their country's call. I guess her acquaintances are limited in regard to soldiers, as my friends are not the class she spoke of. I do not think her description of the soldiers resemble t he Northern side. For my part I know some very smart and respectable men who enlisted and endured many hardships. My father enlisted when but 19 years old in Co. H., 16th Wisconsin, and fought at Shiloh, where he received injuries from which he was sent home to die, but enlisted again in the fall of 1863 in Co. D, 25th regiment, and marched with Sherman to the sea, and he did not have any family to get rid of, as she thinks they all had.

I suppose fighting and marching all day and at night, lying on the ground in the snow and rain, and living on anything they could get, such as parched corn and hard-tack and muddy coffee, must have been splendid.

The Letter from "Soldier's Daughter."

We have received a shoal of letters in reply to that of "Soldier's Daughter"—far too many to publish. We give below the two first ones received:

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

In the BLADE of May 28, I noticed a communication from "Soldier's Daughter," and was really amazed while reading it. Her idea of soldiers must certainly be deduced from a limited acquaintance or a narrow mind. As for me, I have yet to see or hear of one man, who from pure selfishness, merely to shirk the duties of husband and father, rushed into what was almost certain death. A man so devoid of manliness, honor and patriotism has not yet been of my acquaintance. Common sense would teach one that that would be the unwise course, since those who were such "good providers" found it paid to stay at home and make money out of the war.

Were there no brave men in that war? Were they all cowardly deserters of home and family, except one man here and there whose business was lucrative? Was that great rebellion suppressed by men who left their families in little better than "hogpens," as she expresses it? Was the great rank and file of our boys in blue men who were imbued with selfish motives? Were Sherman's dashing Yankee boys merely a company of men without patriotism or love of home? and was Grant in the battle of Shiloh surrounded by sickly sentimentalists? Shame to such a soldier's daughter! Sign that name proudly or not at all.

"A man's first duty is to his little ones," says she, and I ask, were not those little ones benefited by the freedom so dearly bought? Do not we now reap the reward of our father's sacrifice? I, for one, would be proud to call myself a soldier's daughter, but alas my father, with many other brave men and true, gave his life for our dear country. I know that it required great bravery and manliness, courage and patriotism to oblige a man to leave his hopes for his family and his ambitions, and go freely into a conflict such as was that of war, and I am proud to say my father was a volunteer, not one who waited until he was obliged to go. If she, instead of insulting the living and defaming the dead soldiers, should be a little more patriotic the readers of the BLADE might be edified.

All loyal soldiers' daughters with whom I am acquainted are proud to call this land of the free, our country, since our fathers helped to win its freedom. She says that the smart men staid at home and took care of their children. I find in my limited acquaintance that those men were remarkebly smart, from the fact that their coffers were well filled during those years when the "patriotic men" staid at home.

And where do we find sickly sentimentality? When we think of the thousands of graves away in those Southern states, filled by brave boys in blue, and then think of the ranks ever filled by noble men who knew death was certain, but were willing to brave death in such a cause?

And if the tedium of camp life was enlivened by song and story, what wrong? Must we conclude that these men were not ready in an instant to spring to the call of their leaders? Does she think it more honorable to enjoy the fruits of the battle in a busy city or quiet hamlet, with children and wife at home and business booming?

Honor and praise, and tender reverence are to-day being paid to the dead as well as the living, and I love to think that I can say my father gave his life in a noble cause. Do not, "Soldier's Daughter," imagine that you are convincing any one that cowards suppressed the rebellion.

As for pensions, I think too much has never been done for the men who saved our country in the hour of its peril.

"From homes fondly cherish'd and friends dearly loved,"
At the call of their country, they fearlessly moved;
On the red fields of battle they valiantly stood,
And gave the nation the price of their blood.

But no floral wreaths loving hands can entwine,
Can rival the memories our fond hearts enshrine,
Of the noble and brave, the faithful and blest;
Honored martyrs of freedom, serene be your rest!

A DAUGHTER OF THE 37TH ILLINOIS.

Preemption, Ills.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

If all, or even a majority of the soldiers children were like the one whose articels appeared in last week's BLADE, I would agree with her, that soldiers do not deserve pensions. Because if the spirit she manifests was inherited from her father, of course he does not deserve a pension, or even recognition as a soldier, and if she inherits her cowardly lying spirit from her mother, her father certainly committed no crime when he went into the army and left them in a hog-pen, but made a bad mistake when he came home to live with her. If her father is a tramp, or if he went into the army to get rid of her mother, that has nothing to do with other soldiers and their families.

My father was a soldier in Co. I, 7th Missouri cavalry, and gets $24 a month on account of a gunshot wound. And now just think of it. Suppose that shot had killed him, and I had been such a traitor as she is, and my mother had got $8 and $2 a month, would it not be an outrage? I admit that the government does give pensions to some traitors who ought not have it, but ought to continue to live in a hog pen all their lives. And I know she lies when she says that a majority of the soldiers went into the army to get rid of their families. I know that drafted men were not the patriotic men who saved the land from destruction. But father says he don't believe a soldier's daughter wrote the Galesburg article, but that some copperheaded rebel chose that method of venting his spleen against the soldiers, and at the same time make people believe that soldiers' daughters have no sense or respect for the cause for which their fathers fought. When I think that men who were soldiers, and some of them penufoners, now constitute nearly all of our county officers, our best ministers, doctors, editors, and many of our best business men, farmers and teachers, I feel more forcibly the magnitude of the insult she gives, when she or he, whichever it is, says but few smart men, who provided for their families, went into the army. Such cowardly traitors must learn that the soldiers are not looking up to some supreme, strange power for help in the way of pensions. The soldiers are a great part of this government, and have rights that even those on the other side admit, in fact no one but traitors and fools are making any noise about the pensions paid to soldiers. Now I just want to say in conclusion if there is a grand army post at Galesburg I would suggest that they search the hospens of the city and try to find this intelligent young lady. Corporal Dix, No. 22, would be glad to have her photograph hung up in the hall, together with her article. It would make them more proud of their own daughters whom they are teaching to love the old flag and the cause for which they fought. X.

As to Fort McAllister.

To the Editor of the Blade Camp Fire:

I wish to bring a rail to the CAMP FIRE for the purpose of correcting G. W. Smith of the 99th Indiana in regard to the capture of Ft. McAllister. He says that a heavy skirmish line was all the troops that were engaged in the capture. Now I kept a diary at that time and it tells me that there were three regiments from each brigade of the second division 15th A. C., making nine regiments in all that were engaged in that charge. I do not recollect what they were, but I do recollect that the 30th Ohio was one of them. Mr. Smith says there was sixteen men killed. The loss in killed and wounded was between 90 and 100 men. The 30th Ohio lost eight men. There was a line of torpedoes planted four feet apart around the fort, besides they were planted at other places on the road. Before we got within shooting distance of the fort we came to a small bridge and close to the bridge on the other side, next to the fort there was a loose board across the road. The adjutant said, "Wait, colonel, till I see what is under that board," and he got off his horse and turned the board over, and there were three torpedo caps sticking up ready to be exploded, if we had stepped on that board. There was a guard placed there, and we marched around the bridge. Now, as to the commander, Maj. Smith says Gen. Hazen commanded the 15th A. C. I think in the absence of Gen. Logan, Gen. Osterhaus commanded the 15th corps and Gen. Hazen the second division. As far as I now recollect, Mr. Smith has the rest of his communication near enough correct to pass inspection. I would like to hear through the BLADE CAMP FIRE from some others of the second division, 15th A. C., particularly the 30th Ohio, as I have seen but two of them since the spring of 1866.

B. FOWLER.

Co. D, 30th Ohio, Indianola, Ia.

—The warm weather often has a depressing and debilitating effect. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes all languor and lassitude.

THE FARMERS' FOE.

Prof. Riley on the Locust Plague—Peculiarities of the Pest, and Where the Broods Will be Found This Year.

Prof. Riley, the entomologist of the Agricultural department, has carried his investigation of the locust, or, as he prefers to call it, the periodical *cicada*, not only to the classification of the thirteen and seventeen-year races, but he divides these two races into 22 distinct broods. Thus, while the seventeen year species takes that length of time to reappear, different broods have their different years. These broods vary greatly in size and have their respective localities. This year locusts receive an unusual degree of attention because two large broods—No. 28, the largest of the seventeen-year race on record, and No. 7, of the thirteen-year race—make their appearance together. Brood No. 22 either has appeared or will be numerous in Southern Indiana, in Kentucky around Louisville, in the northwestern corner of Georgia. Detachments may be looked for all through the western part of Ohio. In the northeast corner of Seneca county and the adjoining county of Sandusky, they occupy a locality of thirty square miles, on a cluster of ridges of the ancient lake coast deposit. Germantown and Lancaster, Pa., will be entertained with *cicada* music. This seventeen-year brood does not extend west of the Mississippi, but brood No. 7 of the thirteen-year race will make things interesting for the Western farmers. In Southern Illinois about Cobden, this brood will be numerous, also in Missouri and portions of Arkansas. In Western Kansas some damage to crops may be looked for from the number sevens.

Concluding a comprehensive statement upon the *cicada*, which he has now in preparation, Prof. Riley says: Summing up the distribution of the periodical *cicada* (both seventeen and thirteen year races) within the United States, as specified in the above enumeration of the different broods, it will be seen that the *cicada* is known to occur in all the states east of the plains, excepting the northern portion of New England, northern Michigan and the whole of Minnesota. It thus appears that this cicada does not breed in those northern states, or portions thereof, in which the woods are composed more or less exclusively of pine trees or other conifers. Rhode Island possesses no broods so far as we know, but this may be due to want of proper records, as several broods reach close to the borders of that state. Neither does the species occur in the Peninsula of Florida, for reasons either of a climatic or geological nature. Our knowledge of the western extent has greatly increased since 1883, and several broods can now be traced as far west as Eastern Montana and Wyoming, Central Colorado and the extreme western parts of Texas, while less reliable evidence even indicates that the species may occur in Western Montana along streams emptying into the Pacific Ocean. Unless this report be substantiated in the future, the range will not extend beyond the dividing range of the Rocky Mountains."

The Princess Beatrice.

The Princess Beatrice is a tall, light haired, slender girl, not at all like her mother, and much prettier than the other royal children. She has (as many people have said) "an American look," small, delicate feature, a nose a trifle "tiptilted, like a flower," and very fine brown eyes, sweet red lips, and luxurious brown hair. Altogether I thought her adorable. As the pretty young woman stepped out on her balcony I thought as she bowed, repeatedly pressing her hand to her heart, as these enthusiastic Frenchmen cheered her, what a fine thing it was to be a princess. Prince Henry, of Battenburg, was expected on the evening of the birthday, and we all hoped to see a bit of royal courtship. Whether or not Cupid in a crown and holding a scepter, instead of bow and arrows, could be another than our own immemorial, gay, little god we did not know. The opportunity of this ecstatic decision was not afforded us, as he came not like Conrad. "No, he came not—the night wore on alone." It is said the Prince of Wales does not like the match at all, and that it is the Queen

Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, will be withheld from publication.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or requests for opinions as to the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department must be written on one side of the paper only and addressed "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then request that it be answered by mail. If it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The subscription list is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is not intended to settle petty differences or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and anyone has the right to answer a query. As all matter for this department passes through the hands of the editor, he is the best judge of what shall and what shall not be answered. Do not request an answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the slightest attention, unless the above and third rules above are strictly complied with.

C. A. O., Windsor, Mo.:

1. Was Chester A. Arthur turned out of the custom house in New York on account of robbery? 2. Were both houses of Congress Republican when the salary grab bill passed?

1. No. 2. Yes.

Reader, Elkton, O.:

How long does it take the "click" of a telegraph instrument to cross the Atlantic ocean? Please give the exact time it takes for the news over a copper wire has been ascertained by Wheatstone to be 288,000 miles in a second.

T. M., Huntington, W. Va.:

Are old subscribers entitled to the scales you offer to new subscribers for 75 cents and a dime?

Any old subscriber can remit amount stated for price of Blade one year and scales, and his subscription will be extended one year from date already paid.

Reader, Beaver, Pa.:

1. Give a short description of the valley of the Nile river. 2. Will W. W. M., of Portland, Mich., whose letter in regard to shorthand was published in Blade of June 4, please favor full address to Reader.

1. Has been given in the Blade within a year. 2. Do not know.

B. D. P., Newmarket, Ia.:

1. When and where was ex-Pres. Arthur born? 2. Give a list of the governors of Iowa from its admission to the present time.

1. He was born in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vt., October 5, 1830, and was the eldest of a family of two sons and three daughters. His father was a Baptist clergyman, who had emigrated from Dunkalk, county of Louth, Ireland. 2. Territorial—Robert Lucas, John Chambers, James Clark. State—Ansel Briggs, Stephen Hempstead, James W. Grimes, Ralph P. Lowe, Wm. Penn Clarke, Samuel Murtle Purtis, Curtis C. Carpenter, Samuel J. Kirkwood, John H. Gear, Buren R. Sherman. Several of these gentlemen served two terms.

C. H. C., Ladonia, Tex.:

I want to know if the account given in history of Captain Smith's rescue of Pocahontas is true?

It is true. John Esten Cooke, of Virginia, has made a searching investigation of the Pocahontas matter, and he is satisfied, from all the evidence to be had, that Smith was captured by a party of Indians in 1607 and taken to the Powhatan capital on York river, where Powhatan ordered him to be slain. Pocahontas interceded for the white man, and he was saved. He lived with the tribe for several months, but at last, by new taxes, or by a loan, Gladstone proposed an increase of taxes on whisky and beer. In 1860 Gladstone reduced the wine duties. The statement of the budget is always an important occasion in England.

L. M. C., Antrim, O.:

1. Please give a short sketch of Prof. S. F. B. Morse. 2. Give number of school children in New York city. 3. Who is lieutenant governor of Iowa?

1. He was born in Charleston, Mass., April 27, 1791. In 18 1 he went to England and studied painting under Benjamin West, and in 1813 received a prize of a gold medal from the London Adelphi Society for a picture of his called "The Hercules." He returned home in 1815; painted portraits in New Hampshire at $15 a head; took up his residence in New York city in 1822, and painted Lafayette in the spirit of Lafayette. He was again in England in 1829-30, and on his return home the first idea of a permanent record ing telegraph was suggested to him by Dr. Jackson, of Boston, to whom he, in 1835, demonstrated the practicability of his invention by a model; filed his caveat at the patent office in 1837; perfected his invention in 1840, and in 1844 constructed the first telegraph in the United States—between Baltimore and Washington. His invention was generally adopted, and in 1857 representatives of the principal European governments met and practically presented Mr. Morse with the sum of 400,000 francs as recompense for his invention. In a letter from Morse to the secretary of the United States treasury, dated August 30, 1847, occurs the first suggestion of the project of the Atlantic telegraph. Honors were showered upon him by European sovereigns, and by scientific and literary societies. The last years of his life were spent on the banks of the Hudson, near Poughkeepsie. He died in 1872. 2. About 1,000,000. 3. Orlando H. Manning.

Sub., Lecompton, Kan.:

1. I would like if you would give more information upon the subject of the Dark Ages. 2. Also give process to melt rubber so that it may be used again.

The Middle Ages is that period in the history of Europe which begins with the final destruction of the Roman empire, and is considered, by some, to end with the taking of Constantinople; by others, with the Reformation, the discovery of America, or the invention of printing. According to Hallam, who has written a history of this period, it extends from the invasion of France by Clovis, A. D. 486 to that of Naples by Charles VIII., 1490. In any case, it comprises a period of about ten centuries. In general, it was that period in the history of Europe in which the feudal system was established and developed down to the most prominent events which led to its overthrow. The first centuries of this period are often called the Dark Ages, a name not inappropriate when we consider the condition of the barbarous tribes by whom the Roman institutions were overthrown. The acquisitions of civilization were ruthlessly trampled under foot by barbarous warriors, and the civil development of society, which had been the work of ages, received a severe check. It is more than doubtful, however, whether civilization has in the long run been a loser by this state of things. The civil zation of Rome was degenerate and rotten to an enormous extent, while those rude and ruthless barbarians afforded materials for carrying on a more healthy and permanent state of advancement. "The first moiety of these ten ages," says Hallam, "is almost assuredly laid in darkness, and presents little but a catalogue of evils. The subversion of the Roman empire and devastation of its provinces by barbarous nations, either immediately or remotely, were evils which time, the commencement of the middle period. We begin in darkness and calamity; and though the shadows grow fainter as we advance, yet we seem to be always in the first period, the morning breathes upon us and the twilight reddens into the lustre of day. No circumstance is so prominent on the first survey of society during the earlier centuries of this period as the dense ignorance in which it was immersed; and from this, more than any single cause, the moral and social evils which these ages experienced appear to have been derived and perpetuated." When Latin ceased to be a living language, the whole treasury of knowledge was locked up from the eyes of the people. The schools were confined to cathedrals and monasteries, and exclusively designed for the purposes of religion; so that for centuries it was rare for a layman, of whatever rank, to know how to sign his name. Even the clergy were, for a long period, not very materially superior as a body to the uninstructed laity. Whatever of learning existed, however, was to be found within the pale of the church, which, by its very extensive, and comprehended many who did not exercise the offices of religious ministry. In the sixth century the best writers in Latin were scarcely read; and perhaps from the middle of this age to the eleventh there was, in a general view of literature, little difference to be discerned. With such a state of society it cannot be doubted that inquiry was little made. The spirit of social virtues must have existed even during the darkest time of this period; but history, which reflects only the more prominent features of society, affords us but little evidence of it. These remarks apply more particularly to the dark ages of the period, which may be considered to come down to the end of the eleventh century. In the course of the twelfth century a considerable change took place. Polite literature, as well as the abstruser science of antiquity, became the subject of cultivation; and several writers of that age, in different parts of Europe, are distinguished, more or less, for elegance, though not absolute purity of Latin style, and for their acquaintance with those ancients who are the principal models. In the thirteenth century the means to have been some decline of classical literature, in consequence, probably, of the scholastic philosophy which was then in its greatest vigor; at least we do not find as much good writing as in the preceding age. But about the middle of the fourteenth century, or perhaps a little sooner, an ardent zeal for the restoration of ancient learning began to manifest itself. The copying of books rose to be a branch of trade, and their price was consequently reduced. A search now began to be made for ancient manuscripts, in which Petrarch particularly distinguished himself. In the succeeding century the search was carried on with unabated vigor, and the whole lives of Italian scholars were devoted to the recovery of manuscripts and to critical emendation. The discovery of an unknown manuscript, says Tiraboschi, was regarded almost as the conquest of a kingdom. During the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries colleges began to be established in Germany, England and other parts of Europe, libraries became more numerous, and books, after the happy invention of paper, though still very scarce, might be copied at less expense. Last of all, the invention of printing, about the middle of the fifteenth century, was the great means of dispelling the ignorance and darkness of the middle ages, and of introducing the dawn of civilization of modern times. During the latter period the moral character of society was much improved, owing, in no small degree, to the advance of chivalry; commerce and the manufactures made great progress; the use of the regular legal code became more general, and greater freedom of thought in religious matters began to manifest itself. 2. Sulphuric ether is one of its regular solvents, but then it should be pure rectified ether, and not the mixture of ether and alcohol which is sold for ether in many drug stores. It also must be pure rubber, and not the sulphur vulcanized article. The pure rubber must be cut into small pieces, soaked in the ether in a warm place for about 24 hours until they are swollen up, and then it must be kneaded in a mortar. It is such a way rubber varnishes may be made even with common benzoline. When treated with hot benzole (from coal tar, not benzine from petroleum), it swells to 50 times its former bulk; and if then triturated with a pestle, and pressed through a sieve, it affords a homogeneous varnish, which being applied by a flat edge of metal or wood to cloth, prepares it for forming waterproof cloth. Chloroform and the bisulphuret of carbon dissolve India rubber and gutta-percha in the cold. Turpentine disintegrates and dissolves India-rubber and gutta-percha when hot. The fixed oils also readily dissolve them with the aid of heat. When India-rubber remains sticky after working it, it is proof that the temperature was too high, or that too much turpentine was used in the solutions or varnishes.

J. L., Mankato, Kan.:

Where is Frazer's magazine printed?

London, England.

W. M., Bloom, Ill.:

In the trial of Gen. Bazaine, the general's plea was that he did not know where and who the government was, and to whom he was accountable to. Give the reply of the president of the court.

Ganoe Bluff.

Sub., Hartford, Mich.:

1. Is a Roman Catholic eligible to be president of the United States? 2. Will United States greenbacks pass in England? 3. What course should an Englishman take to be naturalized who came to this country when he was 18 years of age?

1. Certainly. 2. Yes, they are glad to get them. 3. Go to the probate judge of your county, and he will tell you.

A. S., Rushford, Minn.:

1. What is the composition of the corundum wheels which dentists use, and how are they moulded? 2. Can good vinegar be made of potatoes, melons and corn, and what is the process?

1. It is a substitute for emery. There are extensive corundum beds in North Carolina, Georgia and Montana. In North Carolina it is found in masses weighing from 500 to 800 pounds. It is prepared for use by crushing, sorting and sifting. 2. If it can, we are ignorant of the process.

H. C. H., Rochelle, Ill.:

Please give opinion of scientists on the source and composition of boulders.

Geologists have little to offer in explanation of the origin and structure of boulders. They generally agree with the sayings that they are the product of a glacial action, in which the materials were detached from beds of boulder clay and borne violently along, pressing hard upon the sea bottom, until they finally find a resting place.

N. W. K., Ellsworth, O.: "In answer to J. A. R., of Morristown, O., I would say that the Oregon legislature passed a bill in 1864 to pay each soldier $6 per month, but failed to appropriate the money as we were discharged. In the spring of 1865 we were forced to sell our right for what we could get to bankers in Portland, ranging from $60 to $100 a piece. We were enlisted for $31 per month, but Uncle Sam would never pay us but $25 per month. That was the way we were equalized. I am now a cripple from injuries received while in the army, but failed to get a pension, because I cannot find any comrades."

A. S., Aledo, Ill.:

1. Please give a specedy and reliable remedy for goitre. 2. I have understood that when the wind blew in a favorable direction, the waves of the ocean would divide, forming a path on which a person could walk with safety for a time being. Is it a fact? 3. Although artists picture angels with wings, is there any foundation for such a belief?

1. The Blade's advice is to consult a good physician. 2. Never h ard of it. 3. Certainly; if they are employed as messengers, they must have wings or pay fare, and everybody knows angels have no money.

J. W. P., Mt. Union, O.:

The Blade says that the apparent cause of Mr. Gladstone's rest nation was the rejection in the House of the budget. What is the budget?

The annual financial statement made to parliament by the chancellor of the exchequer. It contains two leading elements—a statement of the nation's account of charge and discharge stands in relation to the past, and an explanation of the probable expenditure of the ensuing year, with a scheme of the method in which it is to be met. This includes new taxes, or by a loan. Gladstone proposed an increase of taxes on whisky and beer. In 1860 Gladstone reduced the wine duties. The statement of the budget is always an important occasion in England.

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Correspondents should not undertake to write what would make a half column in the Blade on a postal card. Such cards specially find their way into the waste-basket.

C. M., Blacksville, W. Va.:

How are morning fogs on rivers produced? The land air, cooled during the night, flows in upon the warmer air of the river, and the surplus vapor of the mixture takes the form of a fog.

John, Cane Creek, Mo.:

How much alcohol is contained in different spiritous liquors?

Malt liquors contain from 5 to 10 per cent.; wine from 5 to 25; rum, brandy and whisky over 50 per cent.

H. O. W., Arcadia, Ind.:

1. Where is Santa Anna's wooden leg, lost at the battle of Cerro Gordo? 2. Please give a short sketch of the life of Commodore Perry.

1. Think it was returned to him. 2. Which one—Oliver Hazard, or Mathew Calbraith?

Sub., Iowa City, Ia.: It is our opinion that you would find life insurance such as you describe a very expensive affair. The annual dues appear small, but the death assessment looks large. However, we know nothing about the company, and do not pretend to offer advice.

F. Y. P., Weller, Iowa:

1. Has the homestead law been repealed? 2. How old was Tom Thumb when he died? 3. Was the Mr. Lockwood who perished in the Arctic region last winter, any relation to Belva Lockwood?

1. No. 2. About 51. 3. Think not.

M. E. G., Arapahoe, Neb.:

1. I have read that the water at Niagara Falls rushes over the rock at the rate of 100,000,000 tons an hour. How is this estimated? 2. Who is governor of Canada?

1. Think the top must be "guess work." 2. The Marquis of Lansdowne is governor general.

J. D., Cove, O.:

1. Please state what the President's salary is at the present time. 2. Was the law making the President's salary $50,000 a year ever repealed?

1. Fifty thousand dollars. 2. A bill was passed by Congress repealing it, but was vetoed by Grant, April 17, 1876. These questions have been answered several times.

A. F. F., Tadmor, O.:

1. Can you give me information in regard to the price of board in Nassau, New Providence? 2. Will you not gratify your readers by a descriptive article on the place written by one who has been there? I feel sure many invalids would thank you for so doing.

1. No. 2. Yes, if some correspondent will send it.

Lesage, Charleston, Ark.:

1. What is the proper pronunciation of Lesage's "Gil Blas?" 2. Is he the author of any other works? 3. If so, what are they and where can I get them?

1. Zhil Blah. 2. Yes, a number of plays and several novels, including "The Adventures of Guzman d'Alfarache," "A Day of the Parcæ," "Roland l'Amoureux," etc. 3. Brown, Eager & Co., Toledo, O.

J. G., Addison, Neb.:

Where did the word "hurrah" originate?

It originated among the Eastern nations, where it was used as a war cry from the belief that every man who died in battle for his country went to heaven. It is derived from the Slavonic word *Hurraj*, which means "to Paradise."

Sub., Fillmore, Mo.:

I would like to know if there are any good public lands in Dakota to be homesteaded or otherwise taken? If so, to whom should a person write for descriptive circulars of such lands?

The land offices in Dakota are at Springfield, Sioux Falls, Fargo, Yankton, Bismarck and Deadwood. Write to the register, at either place.

B. F. W., Alpha, Mo.:

1. What was the relation between Dr. Philip Smith, author of "The Ancient History of the East," and Dr. William Smith, author of Smith's Bible Dictionary?" 2. Of what churches were they each members?

1. Brothers. 2. Philip was head master of the Spring Hill Diocesan school. Do not know anything about William's religion.

L. C. G., Palmer, N. Y.:

1. Was Cotton Mather honestly credulous? 2. How many men were employed in building Washington's monument? 3. Name the materials it is composed of.

1. Perhaps, but a man would be lynched for such "credulity" in this age. 2. As the monument was commenced in 1848, it would be rather hedging to hunt up all the men employed in its construction. 3. It is constructed of great blocks of crystal Maryland marble, lined with blue gneiss stone, simple and majestic in form.

Farmer, Davis, N. C.:

I would like to have directions for raising white oak trees from the acorn.

Acorns should be sown as soon as possible after they are gathered, as they soon become rery and will not germinate. Select the largest acorns from the most vigorous trees and cover them in light soil an inch or inch and a half in depth. A remove from one part of the nursery to another, cutting off the long tap root will induce the plant to put out a mass of fibrous roots. After three years and not over five they may be planted out on the ground they are expected to occupy. White oaks grow best mixed with pines, birches and other forest trees.

F. E. G., Harristown, Ill.:

1. Is "Buffalo Bill" (Hon. W. F. Cody) still living? 2. Give a short sketch of Jefferson C. Davis, a corps commander in Sherman's march to the sea.

1. Yes. 2. Born in Clark county, Ind., March 2, 1828. At the beginning of the Mexican war he enlisted in the Indiana regiment, and was promoted in 1848 to second lieutenant in the First United States artillery for gallant conduct at Buena Vista. Became fi st lieutenant in 1852, and in April 1861, was one of the garrison of Fort Sumter during the bombardment. In May of the same year he was promoted to captain, and given leave of absence to raise the 22d Indiana volunteers, of which he became colonel. For gallant conduct at Milford, Mo., where he captured a superior force, he was made brigadier general of volunteers, December 19, 1861. At the battle of Pea Ridge in March, 1862, he commanded a division. In April he participated in the battle of Corinth, and after the evacuation of that place by the Confederates was assigned to the army of the Tennessee. On September 20, 1862, he killed Gen. Nelson after an altercation in a hotel in Louisville; he was arrested, but was never tried, and was soon restored to duty. He commanded a division in the battles around Murfreesborough and at Chickamauga in 1862-63. In 1864 he commanded the 14th corps of Sherman's army in the Atlanta campaign, and in the march through Georgia. He received the brevet of major general in 1865, and was made colonel of the 23d infantry, July 28, 1866. He was subsequently stationed on the Pacific coast, commanding for some time the troops in Alaska. In 1870, after the murder of Gen. Canby by the Modoc Indians in Southern Oregon, he took command of the forces operating against them, and caused them to surrender.

Sub., Bridgeville, N. J.:

I would like to learn something of the religious belief of the Mormons; also the manner of their church government.

The Mormon church teaches that there are numerous gods, and that those who have been eminent as saints on earth become gods in heaven. The Mormons also believe that Jesus is just above Smith, and that Adam, in turn, is superior to the Savior. All these gods have many wives, and each governs his own descendants, so that the glory of a "saint" when he gets to be a god depends largely on how many wives and children he has, and, therefore, the hold of polygamy on the people. It is held that the ten commandments are the rule of life, but there have been several revelations which nonsiderate by weaken the binding force of the Mosaic law. The Mormons condemn infant baptism, although children are considered old enough to be baptized when they begin their 8th year. They practice the baptism for the dead, a living person being publicly baptized as the representative of one or more persons who are dead. For instance, George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, and others have been baptized into the church in this style. In regard to their form of government, it may be stated that the priesthood is organized as follows: The first presidency, the twelve apostles, the high council, the seventies, the high priests, elders, priests, teachers and deacons. The first presidency consists generally of three persons, and these persons preside over and direct the affairs of the entire church. The heirarchy is divided into the Melchizedek and Aaronic priesthoods, the former being the higher, the latter being the littoral descendants of Aaron and obtained by revelation. The first president is elected by the whole body of the church; he is the prophet and seer, and alone has the "right" to work miracles and receive revelations. The belief in a continue l divine revelation through the medium of the prophet is the corner-stone of the Mormon church. The work done by the several officials of this sect is all under the first presidency, that is a worse despotism than almost any now known.

W. J. B., Sandy Lake, Pa.:

1 Why is Russia called "The Bear" 2. Please give a description of the glass snake. 3. What states or territories rank first in the production of wheat, wool, corn, gold and silver?

1. Because of the great number of bears in the country. 2. The head is lizard-like, suboval, with rounded snout, covered above with numerous polygonal plates, large anteriorly, the frontal the large t; the tongue arrow-shaped, bifurcate, singularly grooved in front, free in its anterior extremity, on which the papillæ are granular; the nostrils are near the snout, lateral, opening upward; the eyes are small, protected by two movable unequal lids; there are several rows of short conical te th, about 36 in number, on the roof of the mouth, chiefly on the pterygoid bones; the intermaxillary teeth are conical, the maxillary simple and nearly cylindrical, about 40 in all above and 36 below; the external ear is a small oval opening just behind the angle of the mouth. There is no distinct neck; the body is elongated and snake-like, covered with small, smooth, slightly imbricated scales, disposed in rings around the body, about 120 in number; there is no vestige of anterior or posterior limbs externally, and only their rudimen a internally; there is a deep groove each side of the body from the abdomen most visible during respiration, and which doubtless affords the free movements of the ends of the ribs necessary for progression. The tail forms about two-thirds of the total length, round, and tapering gradually to the tip, covered with about 140 rings or scales. Though the shape of this reptile is snake-like, the movable lids, external auditory openings, less movable vertebræ, less extensile tongue, rudimentary sternum, and above all the consolidation of the bones of the skull and jaws, sufficiently show its structural affinity. The length varies from 2¼ to 3½ feet. The head above is mottled with black and green, with a yellowish tinge on the jaws; the body and tail above are marked with longitudinal transverse lines of black, green and yellow, each scale marked with these three colors; the under surface is yellowish, brightest on the abdomen; some slight varieties of color are described. It is found on the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Florida, and as far west as the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio rivers; it has been seen west of the Alleghanies as far north as Michigan. From the smallness of its gape it cannot dee roy and swallow large prey, like the serpents; it cannot climb nor swim, but passes its life on the surface of dry places or in natural cavities in the ground, living principally on molluska, insects, annelida, and other small animals, and perhaps also partly on vegetable food like the sweet potato. 3. Wheat, Illinois; wool, Ohio; corn, Illinois; gold, California; silver, Nevada.

BARTHOLDI'S LIBERTY.

Dimensions of the Statue, and Its History in Brief.

The formal reception of the statue will take place Friday morning, and will undoubtedly be the grandest naval demonstration in the history of this country. The reception vessels will leave New York city at 9 o'clock and will number 200. The French flagship La Flore, Admiral la Combe in command, will be given the place of honor in the procession next to the Isere. Commodore Chandler and staff will lead the procession from the lower bay to Bedloe's Island in the U. S. S. Dispatch, followed by the war vessels Powhattan, Omaha and Alliance. Including the yachts there will be about 250 vessels in line. When the Isere drops anchor at Bedloe's Island the vessels with citizens and the visiting Frenchmen will land at Castle Garden, where the military procession will form and escort the visitors to City Hall, where the city officials and the Chamber of Commerce committee will receive them with speeches and luncheon.

When completed, the statue will be 21 feet higher than Trinity church spire, New York, and 23 feet higher than the towers of Brooklyn bridge. The following are the dimensions of the Statue of Liberty as it will appear when on its pedastal: Height of bottom foundation mass above mean low water, 13 feet; height of foundation mass, 52 feet 10 inches; height of pedestal, 89 feet; height of top of torch, above top of pedestal, 151 feet 1 inch, and height of top of torch above mean low water, 305 feet 11 inches.

About ten years ago a body of distinguished Frenchmen, enthusiastic lovers of liberty, formed themselves into a society called the Union Franco-Americaine de France, and held a banquet, November 6, 1875, to inaugurate the project which will shortly be completed. M. Bartholdi's design was enthusiastically approved, and subscription for the erection of the statue begun. The City of Paris subscribed $2,000, and in five years France had subscribed the $250,000 necessary for this purpose. Another banquet was then held in the French capital, at which an address to the people of the United States was adopted, recalling the alliance of France with this nation in the cause of liberty during the revolutionary war, and embodying sentiments expressive of their hearty accord in the maintenance of democratic principles of government. Work on the colossal statue was promptly begun under the superintendence of its designer. The United States minister to France, Mr. Morton, drove the first spike October 24, 1881, riveting the first of the bolts which were to join the statue to the pedestal.

Meanwhile, on this side of the Atlantic measures of co-operation with the generous French nation were taken. On January 2, 1877, a meeting of citizens of New York was held for the purpose of presenting the undertaking to the American people, to promote the legislation necessary for the reception and inauguration of the statue, and to create financial means for erecting a foundation and pedestal. Congress passed a resolution providing for the erection of the statue on Bedloe's Island, New York Harbor, and for its maintenance in good order. Moreover, its formal reception by the President of the United States, on behalf of the government, was secured, and President Grant thanked the French people for the gift by autograph letter. An address to the people of this country, asking subscriptions, was written and circulated. The cornerstone of the pedestal was placed in position August 5, 1884.

M. Bartholdi, who designed the statue, is about 50 years of age. His first work of prominence was his bas-relief of "Francesca di Rimini," executed in 1852. Bartholdi made the statue of Lafayette, which adorns Union Square, New York. He was one of the French Commissioners at the Centennial Exposition, Philadelphia, where he was awarded a medal for the exhibition of bronze statues of "Peace," "The Young Vine Grower," and "Genius in the Grasp of Misery." Bartholdi is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. Notable in his recent undertakings, additional to "Liberty Enlightening the World," is the lion cut out of the solid rock at Belfort, France, a 80 feet long and 30 feet high. He resides in the City of Paris.

Friday broke auspiciously for the formal welcome to Bartholdi's great Statue of Liberty. The sky was cloudless, and the rays of the sun were tempered by a gentle southeast wind. Along lower river front and battery wall, crowds gathered; as the morning wore on the multitude increased; over the waters, which sparkled brightly, all sorts of gayly decked craft sped hither and thither. They swarmed with human life, and many carried small bands of music. The stock exchange and several of the dwelling houses displayed the stars and stripes, with the colors of France, which looked like a great emerald gem.

The scene in the harbor was one of the liveliest. Every vessel, small and large, waved the tri-colors and stars and stripes, and all were dressed up, so to speak, for the occasion.

When the vessels that were to escort the Isere to Bedloe's Island arrived in lower bay, the water was swarming with craft, and as far as the eye could reach there were vessels without number. Every sort of a vessel had been pressed into service by ambitious sight-seers. Soon volumes of smoke were seen forth from the funnels of the Isere, her propeller began to revolve, and she was headed in the direction of Bedloes Island. The French man-of-war La Flone headed the procession. Soon her gunners opened the salute of honor by firing 21 guns in the short space of 61 seconds. Hardly had the smoke cleared away from her when the United States man-of-war Omaha replied with a broadside. Then the Alliance and the Powhattan fired their guns. The guns of Fort Wadsworth thundered out a salute, as the naval procession passed. Such a scene as was then presented had rarely been witnessed in the lower bay. One hundred steamers and yachts with flying flags and streamers, crowded with people, followed the Isere. The music of a dozen bands floated out over the water, while the war-ships thundered and the forts re-echoed with booming guns. The press guests on the Atlantic shouted themselves hoarse. The French officers of the Isere stood on the quarter deck, bowing to the salutes which they heard on every side.

All the way up the harbor, until the head of the procession had arrived off Bedloe's Island, the shores of New Jersey and Long Island resounded with the crash of guns. It seemed like a battle at sea, without the disastrous attendant circumstances. When the anchor of the Isere was at length launched and had obtained a firm grip, there was more firing of cannon, blowing of whistles and shouting of people.

Bedloe's island was crowded with spectators. Men had climbed up to the top of the pedestal and sunned themselves on the huge stones. The Atlantic, after a parting cheer to the officers of the Isere, proceeded on the way to the battery, and the party went ashore.

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Gov. Ireland Pays a Fine.

Gov. John Ireland, of Texas, seems to have a faculty for getting himself in trouble. Last year he was arrested by the United States marshal for liberating from the penitentiary a French-American named Francois, who was convicted under an old law of having married a woman who was one-quarter blood negro. The United States court was on the point of liberating Francois when Gov. Ireland stepped in and defeated the ends of justice, so to speak, by releasing Francois, and thus saving the state from damage claims. The case is still pending in the courts. Tuesday the governor had occasion to visit the depot, and ordered the driver of his carriage to stop on the crossing, where the governor was calmly awaiting the arrival of a train, when along came a big policeman and ordered him to move along off the crossing. The street is what is termed a blind street, and hence the governor argued he was not on the crossing, and finally told the policeman he would see him in sheol before he would move. The policeman arrested the governor, made him drive to the station, and charged him with violating the city ordinance. The case came up before the recorder, and his excellency was fined $10 and costs. The fine was paid.

Big Strike in Massachusetts.

Nearly the entire force employed at the Para Rubber Shoe company's works, Framingham, Mass., went out on strike this morning, in support of the striking boot makers. A body of strikers, numbering about 700 men and girls, with a band, paraded the streets at about 9 o'clock. The conduct of the processionists was orderly.

One hundred lasters in the shoemaking establishment of Alfred D. Howe, in South boro, Mass., have struck for higher wages. Their action throws about 400 operatives out of employment.

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THE WHIPPING POST.

A Baltimore Judge Takes Pleasure in Passing Sentence on a Wife-Beater.

There is a good deal of satisfaction in Baltimore over a sentence under the law re-enacting whipping for wife-beating, and one brute got a taste of what he should had a good deal more of. Although the law has been in force again for some time, but few cases have arisen where it has been needed. One negro has been punished under it. The present case was one of peculiar brutality. The man beat his wife, who was in a delicate condition, blackening her eyes, and then attacked her mother and father. The judge sentenced him to a year's imprisonment and then added to the penalty twenty lashes. The judge in passing sentence said;

"The court has listened to your evidence with patience in the hope that you would offer some explanation of your conduct on the night in which you made so brutal and unprovoked an assault upon your wife. Not one word, however, has been uttered in extenuation of your conduct—not one word expressing penitence or contrition for your act, and it is only left to the court to impose a sentence suited to the severity of the assault. The court finds you guilty, and sentences you to imprisonment in jail for twelve months. But restraint of your liberty would hardly be sufficient to teach you what the law imposes on those who violate its provisions. The evidence of your wife bears in its every word the impress of truth. It is with pain that an addition is made to the punishment already imposed of a character that appears to take us back into the past ages, but the coarse attack which you made on your wife may imperil not only her own life but also the life of her and your unborn child. Could your victim have punished you with only a portion of your own severity, there would be no need of adding, as a portion of your sentence, what is now done, that you shall receive twenty lashes, to be administered by the sheriff in the city jail, and I hope they will be well laid on."

As the sentence of twenty lashes fell from the court, Meyers seemed dazed, and the composure which he had preserved throughout the trial entirely deserted him. He turned with a start when summoned by the deputy warden to go back to the lock-up. The law authorizing corporal punishment for persons found guilty of wife-beating was passed by the legislature at the session of 1882, and was approved March 30, 1882. It provides that any person convicted of brutally assaulting and beating his wife shall be sentenced to be whipped, not exceeding 40 lashes, or imprisoned for a term not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court.

The act also provides that the whipping shall be administered by the sheriff, within the walls of the jail of his county, or the city of Baltim

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., PUBLISHERS. | B. R. LOCKE, EDITOR

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THE full details of the treaty between France and China which has, at last, been formally approved by the emperor and ratified by the council of mandarins, have not yet been published, but enough is known of them to warrant the assertion that the Middle Kingdom has abandoned its pretensions of suzerainty over Tonquin, and that France is hereafter to be mistress of the whole of Farther India, with the exception of Burmah, Siam and the British possessions on the west coast. While the French campaigns in the East have been costly ones, it is not improbable that these possessions secured as a result are well worth the large price paid for them. The Chinese government hereafter will look to France for aid and guidance in the internal improvement of the Celestial Empire, and the ascendancy of England in Chinese councils will be overthrown. This is an opportunity which French manufacturers and capitalists are not likely to slight. The agricultural capacity of Tonquin constitutes also one of the marked benefits which will accrue to France. The obstacle to the rapid development of the rice fields presented by the insurrectionary temper of its inhabitants, will vanish now that the malcontents cease to receive encouragement from China, and the expediency of submitting to the French protectorate seems already to be generally acknowledged. Tonquin, under the stimulus of French enterprise and energy, will reassert the position it once occupied of chief purveyor of rice to the markets of Canton and Foochow.

THERE is trouble over the method of estimating the "Visible Supply"—that is, the quantity of grain in storage in the principal cities of the country, and in transit between them. Two reports of this are made every Tuesday—one by the Chicago Board of Trade, the other by the New York Produce Exchange. These statements are of much importance to the commercial world. Just now, the question whether the amount of grain in store is increasing or diminishing, and the rate of diminution, is important, in order to determine whether prices are likely to advance or decline. However, these two statements do not always agree. There is always a difference of opinion between them as to the amount of grain in transit by lake and rail. Last week this one item caused a discrepancy of 900,000 bushels between these two. It is now proposed to take steps to have the two reports made up on the same plan, so as to avoid these discrepancies, which are confusing, and put operators at sea in their calculations.

THE United States has a protective tariff. Just now there are thousands of workmen idle, millions of idle capital in the Eastern banks, and a general depression in all industrial pursuits. The Democratic free trade press is trying to couple these facts—the tariff and business stagnation—as cause and effect. But let them explain this: England has free trade. The bank of England has more money lying idle in its vaults than have all the banks of America; there are five English workmen idle to one American; and the average rate of wages in England is scarcely two-thirds of the average rate in America.

AMONG the late foreign appointments the literary guild was recognized by two offices. RICHARD H. STODDARD, the poet, goes to Athens as consul, and WILLIAM L. ALDEN, magazine writer, novelist and long a contributor to the editorial page of the New York *Times*, and known familiarly as the sixth column "funny man," is made consul-general to Rome. Both are red-hot Democrats, however.

NEW ORLEANS people reckon that the exposition has brought at least $20,000,000 to their city. No wonder they are making an effort to continue the exhibition another winter.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a feeling in New York that the improvement in the stock market is too general to be merely a result of manipulation, and that, being the probable effect of hopefulness, we are on the way to a season of brighter days for all our industries. Other cheering signs are the reports of average crops, wheat excepted, and an adjustment of the labor troubles in the Pittsburg district. If the present improved temper shall last, and this is entirely possible, we shall see before long the beginnings of new enterprise and general activity.

THE weather has been, for the past week, quite satisfactory to the agricultural interests of the country. Crop advices, except in reference to wheat, have been generally encouraging, but in no section to a greater degree than in the South, and notably so in the central belt, extending from the Ohio to the Gulf and from Georgia to the Indian Territory. The cotton and corn crops in the states of Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas and a large part of Texas present as flattering prospects as have ever been known, and some of the Mississippi bottoms corn is said to be already five or six feet high. The wheat harvest is proceeding in the Southern belt and as high as the center of Kentucky.

THE business failures throughout the United States for the last week were 194, as reported by Dun's agency, and 170, according to Bradstreet's. About 88 per cent. were of small traders, whose capital was less than $5,000.

THE great statue of Liberty is here, and the work of unloading the ship Isere began Monday. It is made in sections, and is packed in 214 boxes, varying in weight from 150 pounds to three tons, the total being 222 tons. They will be unloaded at Bedloe's island, and stored in a warehouse erected for the purpose, near the uncompleted pedestal, until the latter is ready to receive the statue. Of the $100,000 needed to complete the pedestal, the New York *World* has raised, by popular subscription, $80,000, and the remainder will doubtless be forthcoming in the same way.

PROBABLY the most interesting event of the week is the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, at Portland, Maine. Thousands of the veterans who wore the blue in the weary years of 1861-65 are there to renew old friendships and talk over the scenes of that stormy era.

THE iron strike is at end, so far as the city of Pittsburg is concerned. The scale has been signed, and work will be resumed in the mills. The strike still continues at Chicago, Cincinnati, Wheeling, and in the Mahoning and Shenango valleys.

THE court of Claims decides that the Union Pacific railway company is indebted to the government in the sum of $1,577,608, and judgment has been entered accordingly.

THE United States bureau of Statistics reports that, in the last eleven months the value of breadstuffs exported from this country was $1,875,092 in excess of the corresponding period of the previous year; and also that our exports of cattle, meat and dairy products are increasing, both in quantity and value.

THE Mormons are said to be pouring into Arizona from Utah.

THE chances for punishing RIEL do not seem very good. It is said that his lawyers will first try to prove that he is a citizen of the United States; if this can be done, he can only be tried for waging war against a foreign country. The trial would then have to be under court-martial, but as martial law was not proclaimed in the Dominion the trial could not be conducted in this way, and would have to be abandoned. If tried as a Canadian citizen, it must be for high treason, and, as three of the six jurors are to be half-breeds, it is believed the jury would disagree. This would involve a new trial, when the same difficulty would undoubtedly be encountered.

AFTER all, it seems that Admiral JOUETT'S efforts at mediation in affairs at the Isthmus of Panama have been fruitless, as he telegraphs to Sec. WHITNEY that the proposed treaty of peace proved unsatisfactory to the revolutionists, and that the government forces are marching upon Baranquilla.

A TORY English cabinet is difficult to form. The Marquis of Salisbury has accepted the task, but he finds the difficulties in his way almost insuperable. His party is in the minority, and he is endeavoring to form some combination that will give him assurance of support. As one of the cable special says, "Here is a party which, having driven the government out of power by relentless, often unreasonable opposition, dares not take its prize unless its defeated enemies bind themselves from attempting to recover it. Nothing more absurd can happen, unless it be the return of the Liberals to power because of the fears of the Tories to assume it."

THE "Red Prince"—Prince FREDERICK KARL, nephew to the Emperor of Germany—is dead of apoplexy, aged 57. He won high distinction as a soldier in the great war with France, and was found capable of successfully handling an army without the generalship of the older German generals. Several notable victories were won by him. He leaves four children, one of them the wife of the English Duke of Connaught. His domestic relations have been unpleasant, and he was for some years separated from his wife, Princess MARY of Anhalt.

THE great German field marshal, VON MANTEUFFEL, died suddenly on the morning of June 18, aged 76 years. He became Major General in 1858, Lieutenant General in 1861 and in 1866 was sent on a diplomatic mission to Russia. In the war with France he commanded the first army corps, contributed to the capture of Metz, and drove the army of BOURBAKI into the Swiss territory. He was formally invested with the order of the Black Eagle at Berlin in 1872. He was governor of Alsace-Lorraine at the time of his death.

OFFICIAL dispatches announce that the French admiral, COURBET, died on board his flag-ship in the China sea. The cause of his death is believed to have been overwork and mental anxiety.

THE floating debt of France is now 1,400,000,000 francs, and the deficit for the next fiscal year is estimated at 30,000,000 francs.

THE cholera is increasing in Spain. It has reached Madrid, and the cases there are pronounced to be of the true Asiatic type.

PROHIBITION IN THE PROHIBITORY STATES.

The only way to find out how much you have hurt your enemy is to get on the inside of his camp. No matter how bold and defiant a flag he may fly from his strongholds, you can see for yourself how much damage your shot has done if you get inside and count the killed and wounded.

Mr. HOWARD H. RUSSELL, of Oberlin, Ohio, did a very neat piece of work when, under an assumed name, he wrote to the principal brewers and wholesale liquor dealers of Iowa, as to whether or no a competent person with capital would do well to go to that state and start a saloon. Mr. RUSSELL wrote in such a way as to extract from them the truth, and he got it.

Now had Mr. RUSSELL written as one who desired simply to know whether Prohibition did actually prohibit, or even partially, he would have received quite different answers. He would have been informed that Prohibition was a farce, that Liquor was sold as extensively as ever, that the law was laughed at and was naught. This is the sort of flap-doodle they have been filling the Press with, which has had its effect upon the states where Prohibition is not, and had they known who he was they would have written the same to him.

But Mr. HOWARD, very shrewdly, wrote as a saloon-keeper, and he got the truth. What is it?

NELSON HOGUE, a wholesale Liquor Dealer of Creston, Iowa, says the trade is very poor, that there are plenty of saloons for sale cheap, and those who are holding on are so doing in hope of a change.

SWAN & BECKER, also of Creston, advises not coming to Iowa till they get a license law.

HENRY KLINDT, of Davenport, advises strongly against coming, as liquor dealears are being prosecuted everywhere, and there is no prospect of relief till after the next session of the legislature.

B. LANGE, of Davenport, writes in the same strain.

C. MAGNUS, of Cedar Rapids, states that saloon-keepers are subjected to all sorts of troubles and advises strongly against coming to Iowa till after the next legislature repeals the law.

A. WERTHMUELLER, of Burlington, Iowa, writes about the same.

WM. JUGGENHEIMER, (appropriately named), says "don't come to Iowa, it is too much temperance, but go to Illinois, as it is nothing here but lawing."

These men all wrote the truth, as they were bound to do to one of their kind. They were not writing to him for effect, but were honest in their statements. It is to their interest to have as many men with capital as possible in their vicinity, in their business, and had there been any possibility of his doing well or even living, any one of them would have found a place for him instanter.

They dared not deceive him, for no matter what lies they might feel safe in telling the general public, it would not answer to lie where detection would be so certain and quick. Therefore they told him the truth. They told him that Prohibition made liquor selling unprofitable, that it was so hampered and beset with difficulties in Iowa that it was not advisable to come into the state at all, but rather he should go where there was either license or free rum.

Take especial notice that every man of them admits that the trade is restricted and worried, that the saloons are not open on every corner, but that where Rum is sold at all, it is done secretly and under great difficulties.

What these Dealers and Brewers say is what Mr. CURTIS has said in his recent letters to the BLADE from Kansas and Iowa. These utterances are but repetitions of his. It is the testimony of everybody who has investigated. Prohibition does prohibit, not entirely, but to a perceptible degree. It has closed the saloons, and driven Rum into holes and corners. Saloons are not on every corner with back rooms into which boys are enticed and manipulated till the infernal appetite is fixed, and they become bond-slaves forever. There is no longer an open hunt for boys, they are no longer being trained systematically to break the hearts of mothers and to make future wives wretched. In those states the power of the saloons is broken. The monster is not killed, but its teeth are drawn. The concealed liquor dealer will, doubtless, find ways to supply the poison to those already in the grasp of the horrible appetite, but the coming generation will be saved. *The business of drunkard-making is destroyed*, and that is all that Prohibitionists hope for, for the present. The Brewers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers of Iowa have shown us how to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE "faith cure" craze, which is carrying away the wits of a number of enthusiastic church people in New England, will probably be investigated by a commission of scientific men. Several months ago a similar commission investigated the subject of "electric girls," which Miss LULU HURST'S performances had made a nine-days' wonder. They invited Miss HURST to come before them, and they had no difficulty in ascertaining that there no electric phenomena involved, and that the whole performance was the result of physical strength dexterously applied. As a result, Miss HURST and other electric girls found their occupation gone. The result would probably be the same in the case of the so-called "mind" or "faith" cure.

THE free trade Democrats are active, and loudly proclaim that they will renew their attempts to pass a tariff reduction scheme similar to the idiotic Morrison "horizontal" bill. There is no use of looking for a grand revival in trade and manufactures so long as these pestiferous cranks keep the country agitated on this question. No sane man is going to invest capital, or extend his credit to keep his mill or factory going, so long as Congress is considering whether to cut the ground from under his feet or not. When these demagogues are sat down upon completely and entirely, confidence will return, and labor and business will both be benefited.

WE want agents everywhere for our superb portrait of Gen. GRANT. It is not possible that he should live many weeks, and when he has passed away forever every family will want and will have a portrait of the immortal hero. Ours has, and will, sell better than any other, for it is the best portrait of him ever produced, excepting none.

IT has cost the government $1,848,000 to support 2,300 Dakota Indians during the last seven years.

DIED FOR THE UNION.

The report of the statistician of the office of the Adjutant General of the United States army, Mr. KIRKLEY, has finally been published. It is the result of an effort to compile, from all attainable sources, a list of the dead of the Union army during the rebellion. This was an extremely difficult task, and from its very nature the returns must show a much less number than actually perished. This is especially true regarding the deaths in the foul prison pens of the South. It was impossible to secure any record from the prisons at Americus, Atlanta, Augusta, Charleston, Lynchburg, Macon, Marietta, Mobile, Montgomery, Savannah, Shreveport and Tyler; while those were but fragmentary from Cahawba, Columbia, Florence, Millen and Salisbury; but the registers from the others were reasonably complete. The total Union loss is recapitulated by Mr. KIRKLEY as follows:

	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Killed or died of wounds	6,365	103,673	110,038
Died of disease	2,796	221,791	224,589
Drowned	106	4,838	4,944
Other accidental deaths	142	3,972	4,114
Murdered	37	487	524
Killed after capture	14	86	100
Committed suicide	26	305	331
Executed	...	267	267
Executed by enemy	4	60	64
Died from sunstroke	5	308	313
Other known causes	62	1,972	2,034
Causes not stated	28	12,093	12,121
Totals	9,584	349,912	359,496

The loss is tabulated by states. New York heads the list, her total being 46,534; Ohio comes next, with 35,475; then Illinois, with 34,384; then Pennsylvania, with 33,183; and Indiana, with 26,672. Michigan, Missouri, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Iowa and Kentucky contributed between 10,000 and 15,000 each; all the rest less than 7,000 each. Every state in the Union except South Carolina contributed to the grand muster of Union forces, and every territory except Utah. The losses, however, were only 15 from Georgia, 42 from Virginia, 78 from Mississipp, 141 from Texas, 215 from Florida, 345 from Alabama and 360 from North Carolina: Arkansas contributed 1,743, and Tennessee 6,777. This is exclusive of colored troops, of whom 36,847 died, and does not take in the non-combatants of either color.

One of the most noticeable points in this mortuary report is that more than twice as many men died from disease in the army as from shot, shell and bayonet of the enemy, as 110,038 officers and men were killed outright or died of their wounds, while 221,583 died of disease. The number of those who are known to have died in captivity reaches the appalling total of 29,498. Another remarkable fact is that over 50 per cent. more men were killed in action than died of wounds, the respective numbers being 62,896 and 40,777. At least three-fourths of the wounded must have recovered, partially at least, so that they did not die during the period covered by the report, which ceases with the mustering out at the end of the war. But there are tens of thousands who have died since then of diseases contracted in the army, or of the remote effects of wounds, while the long pension rolls tell the sad story of those yet living who still suffer from wounds or disease contracted while in the line of duty.

The grand total is nearly 360,000 on the Northern side. There has never been an effort made to obtain statistics on the rebel side, but it cannot be far wrong to estimate that the Southern losses were equal to our own. Add to this the loss in the navy on both sides, the prisoners who died uncounted and the ghastly sum total is at least three-quarters of a million lives to the nation.

The loss that Ohio sustained is given herewith:

Died in prison	2,711
Killed in battle	6,835
Died of wounds	4,753
Died of disease	21,721
Unknown causes	2,166
Total	35,475

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

We ask our regular readers, as well as those who see the BLADE for the first time, to read carefully the Publisher's Department, on the fifth page. The books, pictures, scales and watch advertised are all worthy of attention. We handle the goods not for profit, but as an accommodation. Purchasing them in great quantities, we are enabled to furnish them lower than can be elsewhere. We warrant everything to be as represented.

SOUTH CAROLINA has a law prohibiting the sale of liquor to habitual drunkards. A woman of Columbia, whose husband is a confirmed inebriate, served a written notice to several bar-keepers, demanding that they should sell her husband no more liquor. They either forgot or ignored this warning, and continued to supply drinks. The result was that each of them received a polite note from a law firm inviting him to settle forthwith or take the chances of prosecution. The liquor men considered the subject, and at last decided to accept the situation and seek a compromise. Each one of them paid $50 to the injured wife, who thereupon stopped the prosecution. Numerous proceedings of a similar character are now threatened in Columbia, Charleston, and other towns in the state.

ONE of the rules with which the new administration started out has already, according to the presumably Democratic Washington correspondents of a Democratic newspaper, lapsed into the condition of a dead letter. It is the one requiring the preferment of charges against incumbents of postoffices and other offices whose commissions have not expired but whose places are wanted. Of the thousands of applications on file in the Postoffice and other departments, the correspondent doesn't believe a dozen can be found that comply with the rule. "The better class of Democrats will not do this," he reports; "none of the Senators or members are willing to go into the business of making affidavits against the characters of their neighbors."

THE new Connecticut law against "flash" literature, which has just gone into effect, imposes a fine of $50 or less, and imprisonment for three months or less, or both, at the discretion of the court, upon every person who shall sell, lend, give or offer, or have in his possession with intent to sell, lend, give or offer any book, magazine, pamphlet or paper devoted wholly or principally to the publication of criminal news, or pictures and stories of deeds of bloodshed, lust or crime.

ANOTHER "offensive partisan" has been removed—Gen. HARNDEN, who commanded the cavalry force that captured JEFF DAVIS. Union soldiers were very offensive partisans indeed—to the Southern confederacy.

GAIL HAMILTON ON PROHIBITION IN MAINE.

GAIL HAMILTON has pronounced upon the question of Prohibition, saying that it has had no good effect in Maine. GAIL HAMILTON either lies, or she knows nothing about it. It is a burning shame that a woman in her position should rush into print with such statements. She says rum can be purchased and drank in Maine. Certainly it can. It can be procured in every city, village and hamlet in the state, and probably always will be. No Prohibitionist pretends otherwise. No Prohibitionist expects that the appetite for Rum that has been growing from time immemorial can be stamped out in one generation or ten. But when she says that Prohibition has failed to accomplish great good in Maine, she either lies purposely, or writes of that of which she knows nothing.

Liquor is not sold openly in any city in the state except Bangor, where no attempt has ever been made to enforce the law. It cannot be procured in Portland except at the great trouble and cost. There is not an open Rum Shop on every corner as there was before the era of Prohibition. The boys of Portland if they get liquor are compelled to go in search of it, and there are not 360 open places with screens over the doors, to hide them from the gaze of passers-by, nor are there 300 back rooms, in which they are initiated into rum drinking, gambling, profanity and all the other forms of vice that follow rum as certain as thunder follows the lightning. Rum is drank and will be, but the vice has been shoved into holes and corners—it is looked upon as a nuisance, the seller as a criminal and the user a fool.

The consumption of intoxicants has been reduced in that state from $13,000,000 to $500,000 per annum, the state has been rehabilitated morally and financially, and there has grown up a generation who know not the taste of the accursed poison.

Against the unsupported statement of this virago, we put the testimony of the people of Maine, who by a majority of 70,000 incorporated the law into the constitution of the state after giving it a 30 years' trial.

We know as much of Maine as GAIL HAMILTON, and the people of Maine, who, irrespective of party, endorsed the law at the late election, know a great deal more.

Prohibition has reduced the sale and use of intoxicants enormously and it is steadily narrowing its limits. It has saved the state.

THE SILVER COINAGE.

The silver question is exciting much interest among the readers of the BLADE, and by way of answering a multiplicity of questions asking for information on various phases of the matter, we will discuss the subject a little further. The double standard—that is, a silver dollar and a gold dollar of equal value, and both unlimited legal tender for all debts, public and private—has been the rule since our government was instituted. In 1873 the silver dollar was practically eliminated from our currency by Congress, without the people being cognizant of it; for our money then was entirely paper, both silver and gold being at a premium.

When the government took steps to return to specie payments, there was a well-grounded belief among the people that the task of resumption was too hazardous to undertake if attempted on the basis of our gold coin resources, and the demand was made for a resumption of the coinage of the silver dollar. The argument was, that a supply of silver legal tender coin would be a powerful support of the treasury in the matter of a resumption of specie payments, by creating public confidence in its ability to maintain them. There was a heated discussion over the matter, the greenback heresy being then rampant; but finally good sense and honest money prevailed, and the silver dollar bill was passed.

Viewing that measure in the light of the experience gained during the time it has been in operation, it was a wise step, and aided materially in accomplishing resumption; but there were two mistakes incorporated therein, which are aiding materially to make the silver question a disturbing one to the national finances. The first of these was, making the amount of bullion in the silver dollar too small. At the price of silver then prevailing, the standard silver dollar contained about 94 cents' worth of silver bullion. This was a grave error. It should have been made equal in intrinsic value with the gold dollar. Silver was depreciating in value in the markets of the world, the production being in excess of the demand in the arts and for coinage; but the argument was, that the compulsory coinage of two million dollars' worth of silver bullion a month would arrest the depreciation that was going on, and cause a rise in price, until it would reach nearly, if not quite, the value of the gold dollar.

This argument was made in all sincerity, but the result has not been as predicted. The compulsory coinage of $24,000,000 worth of silver bullion into dollars every year has not hindered the decline in the market value of silver, which has gone down 11 cents in price on the amount contained in the standard dollar, which to-day is worth only about 83 cents, thus making it 17 cents less in value than the gold dollar to-day. Both dollars, however, are legal tender, and circulate as of equal value. The danger now is, in the continued coinage of the silver dollar. And this brings us to the second of the two mistakes made in the coinage act—that clause compelling the government to coin $2,000,000 dollars' worth of silver bullion per month. This was a measure of precaution, to make more certain that there should be an abundance of coin to maintain specie payments, and to aid in the presumed appreciation in value of silver bullion, thus making the silver dollar of nearly equal intrinsic value with the gold dollar.

This measure has accomplished the first of these two results. The second, as we have before shown, has been a failure, owing to the over-abundance of silver produced. The enforced coinage clause has now become an element of danger, rather than safety. Silver coin is getting too abundant, as compared with gold coin. It is the conviction of financiers, merchants and bankers, and all who have made an intelligent study of the question, that the enforced coinage of silver dollars can not go much further without great risk. It is a historical fact that wherever a country has had two kinds of money in circulation at the same time, one being of less intrinsic value than the other, if the total amount in circulation of the less valuable becomes to plenteous in comparison with the more valuable, the cheaper money drives out the dearer—that is, the latter jumps to a premium, and the less valuable becomes the currency of the country. Should the amount of silver go on increasing in this country, a time will come when the equality of the two coins, the silver and the gold dollar, cannot be maintained in circulation, with the gold dollar with intrinsically 17 cents more than the other. Gold will jump to a premium, gold coin will go out of circulation and be an article of merchandise, and silver will become the only coin currency.

Here let us stop to illustrate this driving-out process. In the opening years of the war, the government issued greenbacks, which were legal tender. But their volume increased constantly, and, although the faith of the government was pledged to their redemption, although they were legal tender, coin went up to a premium, and paper money was all we had for currency for about fifteen years.

There is one fact that our inquirers should not lose sight of. Though gold was at an enormous premium, touching 240 at one time—that is, a gold dollar was worth $2.40 in greenbacks—and though the "dollar" of all mercantile transactions was the greenback dollar, the average prices of all commodities followed that of gold. Prices of labor were high, measured in the paper dollar, but the prices of all things else were high in proportion. Such periods of cheap money are an unmitigated curse to the working people, to the farmers, to all classes of the community, in fact, except speculators and gold gamblers.

We speak of this now because there is a tendency at present among those who are prejudiced in favor of silver, to explain matters this way: That, instead of the silver dollar being worth only 83 cents in gold, the gold dollar in worth $1.17 in silver. The question may be stated thus; and it makes it very confusing for people in general to understand. The sound view to take is this: What is the dollar of the commercial world? As we cited above, the prices of commodities, not only in this country but all over the civilized world, sympathize with gold. There must be, to avoid getting affairs in an inextricable muddle, some standard of value, as nearly as possible stable in price. Gold is the nearest approximation to this that the world furnishes. Hence the mercantile world measures the value of all commodities by the gold standard.

Therefore, the proper mode of viewing the matter is, to measure the silver dollar by the gold dollar. Hence, the value of the silver dollar is 84 cents; and if the two metals should separate in their currency value, the silver dollar, though it would be the dollar of commerce, would depreciate to 84 cents in purchasing power. But, as the dollar is the unit in which the prices of all commodities is reckoned, this would be expressed the other way—that the gold dollar would be at a premium, and worth $1.17, measured by the depreciated dollar standard.

THE BLOODY SHIRT.

The Ohio Republican platform has a national significance, not only because it is the utterance of the generally dominant party in the third state of the Union, but it is the first party declaration since the presidential contest last November. It has been widely discussed by the press of every state. It receives the most cordial commendation from Republicans everywhere, and unsparing abuse from the Democrats and the mugwumps.

Of course, it is assumed that the war issues are "dead," and that the planks of the Ohio platform that are stigmatized as a "waving of the bloody shirt" are so much burned powder—a futile endeavor to keep up a sectional issue. The papers which make this charge, however, are careful not to give their readers the platform itself to read, in order that they may judge for themselves whether they are really "dead" issues, as they assume them to be.

The platform declares that the national election last fall was won by the Democrats, not by an honest preponderance of the votes of a majority of the states, but that in certain of the Southern states their electoral votes was cast for the Democratic candidate because their voters were deprived of the right to a free ballot and an honest count. Nobody pretends that this allegation, regarding at least six of the Southern states, is anything but true. It is not only acknowledged by the Democrats of those states, but is defended by them, on the plea that the negroes are not fit for self-government, that the whites will never submit to be ruled by the negro majority, and that "this is a white man's government, anyhow." That this state of affairs is in plain defiance of the constitutional guarantees concerning the rights of a very numerous class of citizens in the South, is plain to every one. It is equally plain that the Ohio platform speaks nothing but the sober truth when it declares that it is a matter of national interest; and, in the language of Chairman TAYLOR, it is threatening to "hurl the dissevered fragments of the nation into the vortex of anarchy and dissolution." The cry of "bloody shirt" is not likely to dissuade any true lover of his country from casting his ballot with the party which pledges itself to see that every voter, white or black, shall have his rights as a citizen sacredly respected.

Another plank which receives the "bloody shirt" anathema is that which arraigns the Democratic administration for putting ex-rebels, whose constitutional disabilities have not been removed, into positions of honor and trust. There are ex-rebels and ex-rebels. There are those who fought bravely and well for the cause that went down in defeat, who accepted the decision of the sword, accepted the constitutional amendments in good faith, and have done all in their power, as loyal citizens of the reconstructed Union, to build up an united people; and the Republican party has done honor to more than one of these men, as was right and fitting. But CLEVELAND'S administration has diligently sought out men who glory in the name of rebel, who spit on the amendments, who sought office on the ground that they were rebels; and has done honor to men who at heart are traitors to the nation. We may forgive a defeated enemy; we may relieve him of the punishment for his treason, even though he still boasts of his course; but it is too much to heap honors upon him because he still claims to be a traitor. It is this that the Republican platform condemns, and every loyal man cries out amen!

IT is believed that nearly 3,000 persons perished during the recent earthquake shocks in the vale of Cashmere.

DISFRANCHISING THE NEGRO.

The infernal Bourbon idea that the "nigger" is fit only to be a servant—a toiler in the cotton patch and cane field—is taking new growth since the suppression of negro ballots in the South gave the national administration into the hands of the Democratic party. The "danger" of allowing the negroes to vote is felt to be so great that schemes are afoot to so hedge about the ballot-box that the colored citizen will be practically deprived of his vote. It requires ingenuity to do this and at the same time preserve the full representation of the state in Congress and the electoral college; but the reactionary Bourbons, encouraged by the rebel tendencies already betrayed by the Democratic administration, are busily at work to accomplish it.

A short time ago the Bourbons of Tennessee tried to accomplish negro disfranchisement, in an indirect manner, by the passage of a new registration law. Its provisions were ingeniously arranged so as to require the registration of all voters, under such circumstances, and attended by such difficulty and expense, as to prevent thousands of colored citizens from getting their names on the lists. Fortunately, the Tennessee Republicans are fearless and wide awake, and there were enough of them in the legislature to prevent the consummation of this iniquity, though they had to resort to filibustering and such parliamentary tactics to accomplish it.

Last week the constitutional convention of Florida met. Its real purpose is, to so amend the constitution of the state as to prevent the colored voters of the state, who are nearly in a majority, from exercising their rights as citizens, by a practical disfranchisement. The scheme, in general terms, is, by a pretense of regulating the conditions of suffrage, to devise a scheme which, while applying to all citizens alike, will deprive many of the negroes of their votes. Its purpose was made public in the celebrated speech at Madison, Fla., last summer, by Col. LONG, of Tallahassee, a candidate on the Democratic electoral ticket. We quote this passage from that speech, which was published in the BLADE at the time:

> We are going to have a constitutional convention in less than eight months; that convention must be controlled by white men; *no one but white men will be allowed to vote there; the angel Gabriel himself would not be allowed to vote*; and don't you forget that *the status of the nigger as a factor in the politics of this state will then be fixed.* * * * You may think that the alliance you have made with the so-called Independents renders you more formidable and brightens your chances of success, but let me tell you that no combination of circumstances can render this possible. I mean what I say, and I can tell you that the Democratic majority in this state is going to be a bad thing to tread upon, especially when the horns are sticking up; and another thing I can tell you is, that the Democratic majority in this state is no longer a butt-headed institution. It now has horns, and you had better not fool with it. There has never been but one serious conflict in this state between the white man and the nigger; that occurred in this county, and then we had barbecued nigger. I don't want you to see a recurrence of this, but don't you forget that we are not going to see this government go into the hands of anybody who promised you half of the offices.

The Democratic press is drumming the tune that the war is over, that the South is glad that it was whipped, that the Southern people are as loyal to the Union as those of the North, that to say anything about the condition of the negro is to wave the bloody shirt, and so on. The Ohio Republican platform takes the true and patriotic ground that the attempt to disfranchise a class of voters is a matter of public concern. It pledges the Republicans of Ohio to a policy that will protect their rights. There is a strong Northern element in Florida, and the white Republicans of the state, with the colored voters, are in a clear majority; and they should see to it that the contemplated iniquity is not consummated by the Bourbon Democratic aristocrats of the state.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent to us, we will be glad to use them, if available; if not, they will be returned, if stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter preserve *any* MSS., and we will *not* be responsible for any sent us.

THE result of the examination of the Dolphin is a report, adverse to the vessel herself and uncertain as to the responsibility for her deficiencies. Sec. WHITNEY refers the determination of that question to the Attorney General, whose report will be looked for with some interest. But the central fact is in the alleged unfitness of the vessel for her work. It is claimed that her speed is below the contract rate, and that her hull is too weak for its strains. It is no secret that the administration is bitterly hostile to Mr. ROACH, the builder, and it is asserted that the Dolphin was to be rejected, by hook or crook, in the hope of causing ROACH to throw up his contract for four other naval vessels, in order that the Democratic administration might have the handling of the matter and the manipulation of the money appropriated. As Mr. ROACH has built a large number of the best and fastest iron steamships afloat, and if there are really any serious defects of construction in the Dolphin, they are the fault of the naval advisory board which drew the plans and specifications for her.

THE BLADE'S plan of effecting Prohibition has not only taken root, but it has been adopted East, West, North and South. It is simply no third-party, no mixing of the great cause with partizan politics, but the perfect union of friends of law and order, of all shades of political and religious opinion, to the end of electing legislatures that will submit prohibitory amendments to the people, and carry them when they are submitted. The BLADE'S plan permits a Republican to remain a Republican and a Democrat a Democrat, but it unites them all on this, the most important question that ever came before the people. It will win, and in short order.

THE iron and textile trades in this country and Europe constitute the principal barrier to the revival of business confidence. On this side, at least, all that can be claimed for either in the way of improvement is a condition of relative stability which is attained at the cost of a material shrinkage of production at the cost of capital and labor. The stability of values in the textile trades have been thoroughly established by recent tests, while iron obviously depends on many chances. A sharp rise in pig tin has been engineered in London on the theory that the supply of Australian ores is rapidly failing.

NEARLY all the cattle in Iceland perished during the past winter, which was the most severe ever known in the island.

CURRENT EVENTS.

British postal savings banks have $223,868,865 on deposit.——The Los Angeles cable road will be completed by July 1.——A statue of Moses in the Bulwishes, by Herman Kein, is to be placed at the lily pond in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.——The epidemic at Plymouth, Pa., has spent its force, and the relief committee announces that it is in need of no more funds.——Chauncey M. Depew has been elected president of the New York Central railroad, to succeed the late James H. Rutter.——There are twenty large glucose establishments located in seven different states, with an invested capital of over $10,000,000, and a capacity to consume 61,000 bushels of corn a day, giving employment to 4,575 workmen, paying annually $2,058,750 in wages, consuming $13,703,000 worth of materials and yielding a product worth $18,270,000.——Remains of a mastodon have been found near Vincennes, Ind.——At Richmond, Ind., Thomas Cox walked 213 miles and 13 laps in 30 hours, beating the best previous record.——Nearly one-half the entire population of Buffalo is of Teutonic origin.——Corn has gone up 25 per cent. in Monterey, Mexico, in the last few days.——One family arrived at Newport last week with 64 trunks.——There are 21,000 widows of old soldiers of the war of 1812 drawing pensions from the government.——A dude has been defined in an Atlanta court as "a fellow who is mashed on himself."——The construction of a hotel costing $750,000 is on the tapis in Washington.——There was an earthquake shock of several seconds' duration at York, England, Thursday.——The village of Postville, N. Y., was destroyed by fire. Loss $75,000.——Richard Jones, of Gomer, O., was kicked to death by a vicious horse.——Gen. Logan has promised to participate in the Ohio campaign this fall, and it is expected Mr. Blaine will also lend a hand.——The number of deaths in Cincinnati for the week ended June 20 was 102, an increase of eighteen over the corresponding week of 1884.——The commercial product of the coal fields of the United States for the year 1884 was 97,594,065 long tons.——Fifteen tons of grasshoppers, comprising, it is estimated, 60,000,000 separate insects, were captured at the Natoma vineyard, near Folsom, Cal., by drowning in the irrigating ditches.——The operating expenses of the Southern Pacific railway being in excess of the earnings, a number of general officials of the company have been asked to resign. Since the beginning of the year 2,500 names have been stricken from the pay-rolls.——By the foundering of the French gunboat Reynard in a recent cyclone in the Gulf of Aden, 127 persons—the entire crew—were lost.——The population of Macon, Ga., was 12,000 according to the United States census in 1880, and is now 25,000 according to the directory census.——Next to Sen. Stanford's large vineyard at Vina, Cal., Los Angeles claims to have the largest in the world, covering three thousand acres.——The Washing territory Grand lodge of Masons has declared retail liquor dealers ineligible to membership in the order.——The judgment of the court of claims in the Pacific railroad case, for $1,577,608 in favor of the government, was formally entered last week, the attorney-general having decided to make no further contest over the computation of the earnings of the Kansas Pacific branch. Payments already made and other set-offs will reduce the indebtedness upon this judgment to about $100,000.——The Boston *Medical and Surgical Journ

Correspondence.

PROHIBITION IN THE WEST

THE TYPICAL RIVER CITIES.

The Town of Milton—Open Saloons at Davenport—A Note of Warning to an Editor—Foibles of the Iowa Courts—A Correction.

Special Correspondence of the Blade.

MUSCATINE, May 22, 1885.

A WAY STATION.

I left Iowa City early one morning and went over to Davenport, located on the Mississippi river. One of the stations at which we stopped was called Milton, a small town of perhaps 1,000 inhabitants. I was there some little time and made diligent inquiry concerning the effect of Prohibition. The natives informed me that the licenses of the saloons had run out over a year before the enforcement of the prohibition law and that since then a saloon had not dared to show its head in their midst. If whisky or other intoxicating liquors were needed for either of the three purposes allowed by the law, they could only be obtained by prescription at the drug stores.

Milton is a sample of what nearly all the small towns in Iowa are. The people, not only in the place itself, but in the surrounding country, are so dead set against the saloons that they unite their opposition and crush them out. It is this public sentiment that carries conviction with it, and it is the only kind of opposition that the saloonkeepers fear. They can bribe the courts, or rather, I should say, they can fight their cases in the courts and often save their hides by some technical error, or otherwise; they can defy the authorities by running underground or attic establishments; but when the weight of public opinion is against them, the saloon keeper of ordinary brains, will be very respectful to that opinion, and when it is thoroughly manifested in this or that article, he will, if a wise saloon keeper, pull up stakes and settle elsewhere. It is in communities of the kind mentioned above that Prohibition does its perfect work. A man could not afford to start a saloon in Milton. In the first place he could not get enough custom to pay his running expenses, and in the second place, the people would hold a mass convention at which resolutions would be passed deploring the folly of the saloonkeeper and setting forth the evils of intemperance, sandwiched with the necessary whereases, etc. The "Resolved" would read something like this: "That the individual by the name of ——, who has started a saloon in this place, be given forty-eight hours to leave," and if the individual did not leave, he would be unceremoniously helped out of town. This method may savor of the barbers, but it is the most efficient way of meeting the exigencies of the case. So long as a saloonkeeper has money he can defend himself in the courts and put the county to great expense in prosecuting him; this simple method then, is economy both to the people and the saloonkeeper.

INFLUENCE OF THE RIVERS.

If one would stop to consider the geographical relations of Iowa to the great rivers of the United States, he would marvel that she has received even her present state of Prohibition. With the Mississippi flowing along the length of her eastern border and the Missouri holding the same relation to her western border, it would be strange, indeed, if the two rivers did not have some influence over the character and morals of the state. For there is no gainsaying the fact that large bodies of water invite to their neighborhood the rougher and more lawless class of citizens. The two rivers gather up the offal of society along their banks and invariably deposit it in the towns on their borders. Quite frequently portions of it drift inland and settle in the cities of the interior, though by far the larger part of it remains in the river cities. So it is that in Iowa we find two distinct types of large cities: Des Moines, typical of the inland city, and Sioux City, Council Bluffs, Dubuque, Davenport, Muscatine and Keokuk typical of the river towns. The element of society which makes the distinction is the element of lawlessness and disorder; the element which favors free whisky and unlimited license; the element that scoffs at religion and damns all forms of government. It is the element that is to-day opposing Prohibition in Iowa, and it must be either choked out or exported, in order that Prohibition may reach its most perfect form. I found this element in Davenport, as I had already found it in the other large river cities.

DAVENPORT.

Davenport is the fourth city in point of size in the state, and it is one of the ruslest. Large manufacturing interests are located at this point which has been made the center of several important railroads, thus adding materially to the commercial value of the city. Like all the cities in Eastern Iowa, it is rough in the surface, the banks at a point above the bridge approaching a bluff in height. The buildings generally bear the stamp of age, an impression which is made still stronger by the narrow streets and dingy appearance of the business portion. I could not give even the briefest description correctly without mentioning the fact that fully 60 per cent. of the population is from abroad, and of this 60 per cent. fully 75 per cent. are Germans who cherish all the customs and traditions of the Fatherland.

THE SALOONS OPEN.

Davenport is one of the cities in which prohibition is a failure. The saloons, of which there are 150, run night and day, Sundays and holidays, and in fact at all times. There is no restriction, no opposition of consequence to their running. The Germans have their beer gardens, and these too are kept blackguardly merry a greater share of the time. The feeble efforts of Prohibitionists who have the scorn and hatred of the masses and who occasionally succeed in enjoining a saloon; but with the courts and the people united almost in a body against them, what hope have they?

Stranger-like, I visited the police station the first time after reaching the city. I looked at the records and was surprised when I read:

No. arrests for March 1885	54
" cases of drunkenness	3
" arrests for April 1885	38
" cases of drunkenness	5

With 150 saloons, all of which were running in defiance of the law, there had been only eight arrests for drunkenness in two months! The sergeant in charge seeing my look of utter astonishment, smiled as he said: "You see that in spite of our saloons and the fact that we are ignoring the Prohibition law, our city is comparatively free from drunkenness. But it is easily explained. Our German population never drink anything stronger than beer, and are never drunk. Out of 57 arrests last year, only 61 were for drunkenness. I do not believe there is another city in the Union that can show as good a record."

OBJECTIONS TO FREE WHISKY.

I asked him if there was much opposition to the lawless method in vogue, and he replied that there was a general feeling of discontent among all classes. "The saloonkeepers are constantly fearing lest even the popular acquiescence may not protect them; the Germans feel safer under the license or old law, while a respectable portion of the citizens, although they do not favor prohibition as a solution of the difficulty, still believe that the law, however obnoxious, should be enforced. "The great difficulty," he continued, "lies in the fact that under the license law any man could go into a bar-room and take his customary drinks. As it is now, a respectable man hesitates to parade himself before the public as a transgressor of the law, and hence, he will buy his liquors on the quiet by the bottle or the case as he sees fit. Under the old law, the city was getting some revenue and we were able to make some improvements; now, we not only get no revenue from the saloons, but in prosecuting them, our treasury is constantly drained, so that we can scarcely call our souls our own."

THE DAVENPORT POLICE.

In spite of this explanation, I was not satisfied by any means, and when, a few hours later, I met a Prohibitionist, I received an inkling as to the actual condition of affairs. Said he: "You will not wonder that there are few arrests when I tell you that the police of this city look up only strangers on the charge of drunkenness. If a citizen goes on a tear and gets well filled with bilge-water, instead of arresting and putting him in the lock-up, the officers quietly carry him home and put him to bed, where he sleeps off the effects of his drunken debauch unmolested. The world is none the wiser. There is no disputing the fact that we have as many genuine cases of drunkenness in this city as in others of the same size; the only difference lies in our method of treating them."

AN UNFORTUNATE.

While I was at the police station, the officers brought in a stranger who was too drunk to talk, and the curious feature was that he had no arms. It was evidently a case where the saloonkeeper had not only sold the whisky to the man but had held the glass to the cripple's lips until he was too drunk to grace the bar-room, or had spent his last cent, when he was unceremoniously hustled out into the street and left to the tender mercies of the police force. Such parsimony, such utter disregard for the laws of humanity are characteristics of the average whisky seller. So long as a poor devil has a cent about his clothes, so long the saloonkeeper harbors and soaks him with poison; after that, he kicks his victim out into the street. And yet there are those who insist that intemperance is a necessary evil, which must be licensed, not prohibited!

A BRAVE EDITOR.

Among the temperance papers in the eastern portion of the state is the *Northwestern News*, edited by Mr. Brady, himself a prohibitionist of a very pronounced type. Mr. Brady is a man of courage, and instead of fighting the enemy at long range, he established himself in the very hot-bed of Iowa intemperance, where he has maintained a most unequal contest with considerable skill. He has been a thorn in the side of the Davenport whisky-sellers for years, and they lose no opportunity to vent their spite upon him. They curse him, threaten him and wish him all sorts of evils, yet he keeps on in the even tenor of his way and with the regularity of the clock, edits his paper and edits it in the interest of prohibition. Wishing to obtain Mr. Brady's views on the situation in the state, I called at his office but was disappointed on learning that he was out of the city. His son was present, however, a bright young fellow of 22, or thereabouts, and he told me much about his father's experience with the anti-prohibitionists. He reiterated the statements, made to me previously by a prohibitionist, regarding the methods employed by the saloon keepers to keep the number of arrests for drunkenness at a minimum. Referring to threats made against Mr. Brady, senior, he said: "The Germans of our city do not like father at all and he has been threatened many times by them. On different occasions we have watched our office night after night, fearing lest the miscreants should set it on fire. Of personal violence we fear nothing. At present the feeling is comparatively quiet but several months ago things were very lively. We would receive letters every day threatening to kill us or burn us out if we did not leave the city. Here is a sample of them," he said, handing me an envelope directed to Mr. Brady in a plain business hand. The contents were curiously. On a small piece of note-paper, as if the writer dreaded to waste so much material for such a purpose, was written the following:

DAVENPORT, June 30.

MR. BRADY—You are hereby warned to leave the country, or prepare yourself to meet your God.

The writer in his hurry had forgotten to sign his name, but in place had ornamented the lower portion of the page with a very poor representation of a coffin, not so poor, however, but that the artist's object could be accurately traced; and as if to add insult to injury, an attempt at a skull and crossbones had been made at the top of the paper, the whole work having been done in a decidedly bungling, not to say ludicrous, manner. Instead of creating fear, it created laughter. "We lost no sleep over that delicately worded invitation," continued Mr. Brady, junior, "but pigeon-holed it as a memento."

"Does your father believe in the ultimate success of Prohibition?" I asked.

"Certainly," replied the young man. "Here in Davenport the fight will be waged most bitterly for the reason that so large a proportion of our citizens are foreign-born. Outside of a few of the larger cities the law is enforced to a greater or less extent, and the time will undoubtedly come when the state will take a hand in enforcing it here. I do not see the way clear otherwise, for the county officials who should enforce it, seem to be in league with the majority of the citizens and against the state."

THE LAW A DEAD LETTER.

There can be no doubt as to the condition of the prohibition question in Davenport. The law is simply a dead letter, and whoever chooses to sell liquor can do so by paying the government license. If the state does not attempt to enforce the law in the city, it were better that the old license law had been retained, for the latter had a slightly restrictive force, in addition to which the city was obtaining a revenue. The authorities when asked why they do not close up the saloons, look wise and say that it could not be done; the sentiment of the people is so strong in favor of the saloons that it would be dangerous to make the attempt. I am satisfied that this is not true. While the majority of the citizens of Davenport want saloons, the majority are law-abiding people, and when the contest narrows down as between law and order on the one side and anarchy and disorder on the other, the former will prevail every time. Boasts and threats mean nothing. They are the mere idle vaporings of an unorganized mob, which finds itself cornered with no outlet of escape. Hoping to frighten off the enemy, it curses and raves and threatens. The most cowardly creature in the universe will show fight when driven into a corner. The Prohibitionists on the other hand are hesitating, uncertain. They have trapped their game, but that being done they fear to pull it through enabled, lest they may have unlerrated its strength. I have often watched the cowardly movements of a dog when ordered to kill a trapped woodchuck. The dog has all the advantage, and yet he will often sneak away and through sheer cowardice disobey his master's commands. The woodchuck growls and snarls ferociously, shows his teeth and looks fierce enough to gain a retreat for himself, although any one knows that a woodchuck is no match for a dog. The same kind of desperate snarling and growling characterizes the saloonkeepers of Davenport, who are adopting all sorts of means to stave off the death. They know that it will come—the only questions are, when and how. In one of the leading hotel bars, the proprietors are prepared to be closed out at a month's notice. He told me that he expected it and did not intend to be caught napping.

A FOOLISH FEAR.

I dropped in my hotel one afternoon, just in time to hear the remnant of a conversation between two prohibitionists, one a citizen of Davenport, the other from Des Moines. As I entered, the Davenport man was saying: "If we take the initiatory steps towards prosecuting these saloonkeepers, they will burn our houses, destroy our property, and perhaps murder us. What can we do?"

"My dear sir," replied the other, "you forget that you are running the same risk every day of your life. Nine-tenths of the robberies, the arsons and the murders are directly or indirectly attributable to whisky. What difference then is there between the saloonkeepers who make murderers and the murderers themselves? Every day that you allow 150 bar-tenders to deal out intoxicating liquors in this city, you are running a great risk. I will venture to say that of the 150, not five are law-abiding citizens. Their business requires that they harden their hearts to all the laws of humanity, and they have as little regard for the laws of the country as would a thoroughbred Apache warrior. You see them breaking the law every minute. Does their existence in the city give you any comfort? Could you go home run any greater risk than you are now running? It is the experience of the citizens of Des Moines that a rum-seller's bark is worse than his bite, and my advice would be to exterminate the vipers while you have your foot on them. Do not allow them any more freedom. Exterminate them as you would exterminate thieves and vagabonds."

The advice may be extreme in its severity, but there is at least no attempt to beat around the bush.

A ROUGH COUNTRY.

From Davenport to Muscatine, I indulged in the luxury of riding in the caboose of a freight car. The trip was not altogether unpleasant for the tedium of the ride was broken by the excellent views I had of the Mississippi along banks of which the road runs. Large tile factories are plentifully sprinkled along the river and constitute an important industry to the people. In truth, I saw but little else to remind one that the country was settled. The buildings for the most part are rickety frame structures, built with reference to cheapness and without regard to durability or appearance.

MUSCATINE.

Another specimen of the Iowa river town is Muscatine, smaller by 16,000 than Davenport, and much more inviting to the eye. The city is well-built, stands majestically on the river bank and is altogether one of the prettiest cities in the state. Four large lumber mills and two breweries constitute the bulk of its manufacturing industries; for the rest, the city depends upon the business done with the country and with the river and railroad for its prosperity. The breweries are still doing a lively business, although the proprietors stoutly maintain that they only sell for medicinal purposes. It seems that beer is the chief curative used in Muscatine, for one of the breweries manufactured 55 barrels of the stuff in one month, and all to relieve pain and suffering that was supposed to exist in Muscatine families. In this section of the state I can find no "prohibition," or at least, if it exists, it is only under another name. One can get plenty of "mum" to drink, but I tested it, and it seemed to me to have all the essentials which go to make good beer. However, if one keeps mum after drinking "mum," which he is enjoined by the "mum" sellers to do, the chances against detection are good. The Prohibitionists endeavored to catch one of the brewers and have him enjoined from manufacturing, but the "medicine" dodge succeeded so well that they failed. It is not difficult to make a Muscatine jury believe that the brewers and saloonkeepers are working for the sick, the halt and the blind.

A SALOONKEEPER'S TRICK.

There are 26 saloons in Muscatine at present. There were more, but the proprietors smelled prohibition at a distance and concluded to go out of the business. These 26 saloons have been enjoined frequently, but they are still selling. A few days ago a case was tried in the courts, bearing on the liquor question, which was watched with a great deal of interest by Prohibitionists and Iowans in general. As I understand the facts, a saloon keeper, finding that he was to be enjoined from selling liquor, induced a friend to apply for an injunction, and succeeded in having the time for hearing set a long time in the future. Then he goes to work and sells as much whisky, "mum" and other stuff as his patrons can soak into their besotted frames. Meanwhile, the temperance people apply for an injunction to restrain him, and ask for an immediate hearing, to which the saloonkeeper demurs, and respectfully refers the court to the previous injunction. The question of priority came up before Judge French, who held that the first injunction had the priority, and until it was heard, no others could be considered. This decision, of course, gives much satisfaction to the saloonkeepers and their friends and an equal amount of dissatisfaction to the Prohibitionists. It opens an avenue for temporary escape from the wrath to come, and will undoubtedly prove vexatious to the authorities in their attempts to carry out the spirit of the law. Such decisions, however, are in the end beneficial to the temperance people as pointing out the weaknesses of the law and also as showing the exact character of the men with whom they have to deal.

A JURY DECISION.

Only a day or two since, I had another opportunity to acquaint myself with the foibles of the Iowa courts in dealing with the prohibition question. A large quantity of liquors had been seized by the authorities and confiscated under the seizure clause of the amendment. The owners, both of whom kept saloons and were of those who had been enjoined from selling, strenuously objected to the destruction of their property and interposed the defense that the liquors had been manufactured for medicinal purposes, and were merely stored in the cellars where they were found. Witnesses testified to the truthfulness of the above statement, and the jury brought in a verdict in favor of the saloon-keepers, one of whom had his place open during the trial, or at least very soon after. As the liquor, I believe that the latter had been stored beneath his saloon, and as he was known to be selling beer every day to his customers, the prohibitionists should be forgiven for thinking that the case had a mighty peculiar look. I was not surprised when I saw, shortly after the trial, the prosecuting attorney on very familiar terms with one of the prominent whisky sellers who had been enjoined.

After all, the Muscatine Prohibitionists are not in such a hopeless minority as their Davenport friends. The country shows up better, many of the small towns being strongly temperate, while in the city the foreign element is not so predominant as it is in Davenport. These features, with others of minor importance, lead me to believe that of the river towns, Muscatine will be the first to bow before the shrine of Temperance.

A CORRECTION.

When I first reached Des Moines, I visited several prominent gentlemen for the purpose of getting, not only their ideas on the success of the temperance law, but also something of its history. I took this course simply because I lacked the time which my ignorance and inexperience with Iowa law would require in order to cull the points I wanted, and also because I had reason to believe that my information would be fully as reliable as that obtained by the slow process of searching the records. In conversation with a gentleman of Cedar Rapids, a few days later, I was led to believe that I had unwittingly made several egregious errors in reciting the history. I at once wrote to a Des Moines attorney stating my position and requesting him to look into the records. His answer which I received in this city corroborates my suspicions and I hasten to undo the snarl.

The first prohibitory law of Iowa was passed in 1855, although there was a law passed in 1851 which prohibited dram shops and declared that wherever intoxicating liquor was sold by the drink that the building should be declared a nuisance, but the law of 1855 is generally known as the first prohibitory law of the state, on account of its broad and sweeping provisions. The clause striking out wine, beer and ale, commonly called the wine and beer clause, was enacted in 1858 or thereabouts. The prohibitory amendment to the constitution was proposed in the General Assembly session of 1880, and was referred to the succeeding legislature for action. As the sessions are biennial, the amendment came up in 1882, and was then passed and submitted to the people at a non-partisan election, June 27, 1882. In regard to the part taken by Judge Rothrock, I was also misinformed. After the election, a district judge named Hays decided the amendment unconstitutionally adopted, not having been properly entered upon the journals of the legislature. Upon appeal to the Supreme court, that tribunal affirmed the ruling of the lower court, the opinion being written and read by Judge Sievers, Judge Beck dissenting and holding the amendment properly adopted. A petition for a rehearing was made in the Supreme court and Judge Day wrote and delivered the opinion of the court, adhering to their former opinion, Justice Beck still dissenting. Judge Rothrock was on the Supreme bench at the time and after the rendering of the decision, was a candidate for re-election. He is still a member of the Supreme court, having been chosen by a large majority.

The above I believe to be the true history. It differs materially in several particulars from the history as I first gave it, and I can only say that I have not the same confidence I once had in my informants, who must be woefully ignorant of the laws of their own state, for I am loathe to think that they would have wilfully misled me. However the precise history of the law has no bearing upon the success of prohibition in the cities of Iowa. So far in my investigation I have observed that no matter how much the saloonkeepers disregard the law, the most defiant are in constant fear lest they will be closed out; they expect the climax to come and if the ball is kept rolling they will be driven out of the state bag and baggage.

CHARLES LOCKE-CURTIS.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The BLADE does not pay for volunteer contributions of any kind. If poems, stories, sketches, etc., are sent us, we will be glad to use them, if available; if not, they will be returned, but only in case stamps are enclosed for that purpose. We will not hereafter preserve *any* MSS., and we will *not* be responsible for any sent us.

Liberals's Defense.

To the Editor of the Toledo Blade:

In your issue of the 18th, I notice your extended extracts from the *Christian Evangelist* of St. Louis, in which Liberal, Mo., and its inhabitants are criticised in a most unsavory manner. The author of the articles in the *Evangelist* is no other person than a minister who indulges in self-laudation and in unbecoming condemnation of others who happen to differ with him on questions of belief. That is the secret of the extreme virtue on one side and degradation on the other. Were the people of Liberal wedded to the Campbellite belief, his pen of gall would be transformed into the honey of praise, and Liberal would be held up as the moral star in the galaxy of Christian virtues, for her many features of intellectual and moral excellencies; but alas, she is not of that faith, and her people must be subjected to a most unreasonable backeling for their indiscretions in matters of conscience. I will not attempt a defense of Liberal here, but will give way to the evidence of uninterested parties introduced from Christian and official sources, that you and your readers may judge whether the people of Liberal have been wronged or are in the wrong, and also if the reliability of the witness against them, which I hope you will publish in justice to them.

Liberal, Mo. G. H. WALSER.

Accompanying the above letter was a printed sheet with a large number of certificates from citizens of Lamar, Mo., of Liberal, of county officers, neighbors of the Liberal colony, etc., all affirming that the charges published in a St. Louis paper, and partly copied into the BLADE, were false. We publish this as a matter of justice, and cannot afford space to continue the discussion.—ED. BLADE.

Henry Gautschi & Sons manufacture the best music boxes in the world at St. Croix, Switzerland. Their sales room for the United States is at 1030 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa. The BLADE knowns them to be a reliable firm. They manufacture them at prices ranging from $5 to $5,000. An ordinary parlor instrument may be purchased from them at $20 to $75, according to quality desired. Write them for a catalogue. Their advertisement appears in another column.

LETTER FROM LONDON.

American Ministers to England—The Men Who Have Represented the United States at the Court of St. James—Model Diplomatic Correspondence—London Society as Seen by Foreign Eyes—Metropolitan Intemperance—Personal Gossip.

Special Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

LONDON, April 18, 1885.

Edward J. Phelps, Pres. Cleveland's minister to the court of St. James, is the twenty-seventh representative of the great Republic here in London. Back in 1783 King George III. was asked by Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs Fax, if it would be agreeable to his majesty to receive a minister from the United States, and his majesty thought it would not. But two years later, 1785, he changed his mind and John Adams was sent from the other side to present his credentials to his former prince. In writing of that event, Adams said he was very much embarrassed and awaited anxiously the summons into the closet. When the foreign secretary, Lord Carmarthen, came for him, he says: "I went with his lordship through the lower room into the king's closet. The door was shut and I was left with his Majesty and the secretary of state alone I made the three reverences; one at the door, another about half way, and the third before the presence, according to the usage established at this and all the northern courts of Europe." Adams then spoke, and with dignity, as did the king whom the minister pronounced "the most accomplished courtier in his dominions." His Majesty good-humoredly rallied the envoy on his anti Gallican sentiments, which were well known. Adams "avowed that he had no attachment but to his own country," when the king "as quick as lightning replied that an honest man would never have another." And with a bow he signified that the audience was at an end, and Adams, making the three reverences, retired. He remained at St. James until February 20, 1788; became Vice President the following year, and President after Washington.

Adams was followed by Thomas Pinckney, of South Carolina, who was here until 1796, when he was succeeded by Rufus King, who in 1803 gave way to James Monroe, the future President. After the peace of 1812, John Quincy Adams was minister here for five years, returning to the States in 1817 to take a seat in Monroe's cabinet. Following him was Richard Rush, ex-attorney general, who remained until 1825, when he was made secretary of the treasury by President Adams, this mission having been given to Rufus King, who had only had it a short time when it was given to Albert Gallatin, a native of Geneva, who had emigrated to America during the revolution and had aided the cause with sword and pense. Louis McLane then came upon the scene, and sat from 1829 to 1831, during which time he had Washington Irving as secretary of legation.

Martin Van Buren was nominated by Pres. Jackson, but the senate refused to confirm the nomination, and it was not until 1836 that another appointment was made, when Andrew Stevenson, ex speaker of the House of Representatives was accredited minister. He remained until 1841, when he was succeeded by Edward Everett, who was here till 1844, his successor being Louis McLane (republican), 1845-1846, George Bancroft, 1845-1849, Abbott Lawrence, 1849-1852, Joseph R. Ingersoll, 1852-1853, and James Buchanan, who only quitted the post to become the successful candidate for the presidency.

During the five years just preceding the rebellion, America was represented here by George Mifflin Dallas, who had been Minister to St. Petersburg with Vice President of the Union. He wrote a series of "Letters from London," some of which are very amusing, and in this day would hardly be considered models of diplomatic correspondence. For instance on April 4, 1856, he writes to Secretary of State Marcy, the following account of the Queen's drawing room at Buckingham Palace: "While in the picture gallery," he informs his official superior, "I made the acquaintance of Lord Lansdowne and many others, who, I am happy to tell you, were in no way repelled by the American Minister by his plain suit of black, but, on the contrary, made his time, while waiting her Majesty's readiness, pass very pleasantly. My coat, which I am bold to say, was as well made and of as good cloth as the place (except perhaps Prince Albert's), came from the shop of a tailor in Philadelphia, Sixth above Arch, of the name of Kelly."

In the summer of 1861, Charles Francis Adams, son and grandson of the two ministers and presidents of that name, came to London and represented the United States the stormy eight years that followed, being succeeded in the spring of 1868 by Reverdy Johnson, who remained only a year, to be followed by Mr. Motley, who was recalled by President Grant. The mission was then offered to Sen. Morton and Sen. Freilinghuysen, both of whom declined it, and it ultimately fell to Gen. Schenck, to whom Londoners are so much indebted for their extensive knowledge of the mysteries of "poker." Edward Pierrepont, attorney general, came to London in 1876, but towards the close of 1877 was supplanted by Mr. John Welsh who remained until 1880 sent over James Russell Lowell, than whom no more popular man and no more influential minister has ever represented America at the Court of St. James.

LONDON SOCIETY.

Following is a picture of the upper crust of London society as drawn by an intelligent foreigner, who is recording some of his impressions of English life in a book, published under the above title. Any one at all familiar with the subject matter will acknowledge the correctness of the likeness. The I. F. says:

"London society is, in a sense, stage-struck. It takes the same sort of interest in associating with the ornaments of the stage as boys feel in making the acquaintance of ballet-dancers. There is a certain prurient prurishness, a salacious inquisitiveness about London society. It loves to hover over, or alight on, the borderland which separates conventional respectability from downright dissoluteness. There is nothing which it so dearly loves as a scandal or naughtiness. I never see that well known picture of two young ladies peering into a volume which they have taken down from a shelf in the paternal library—'Forbidden Fruit,' I think it is called—and reading in it things which make them alternately smile and blush, without recognizing the pictorial symbol, but an engraved allegory of London society. That, to it, is the mystery of holiness in comparison with the mystery of sin! Who would not sooner contemplate the lives of the sinners than the lives of the saints! London society is infinitely charitable, because its curiosity knows no bounds. One of the reasons why it welcomes actresses is that it surrounds them, rightly or wrongly, with a halo of antecedents and environment which leave much to the imagination."

THE POET LAUREATE.

It is stated that during his connection with Messrs. Moxon Lord Tennyson received on an average £1,500 a year in royalities. Later Messrs. Strahan & Co. became his publishers, paying him £5,000 for his books then in existence, and a separate account for new works, which were to be published on commission. During the five years of the contract they paid the author somewhat more than £31,000. Tennyson's next publishers were Messrs. King & Co., whose engagement was to pay £4,000 a year, with a separate account for new works.

SATURDAY NIGHT DRINKING.

Some startling figures were given at a meeting held in Exeter hall, this week under the presidency of the bishop of London. In December last, as I mentioned in these letters at the time, a census was taken in the neighborhood of Euston Square, at twelve public houses, by which it was seen that between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock, Saturday night, these rum holes were visited by 6,584 men, 2,762 women and 644 children. Last Saturday night another census was taken at different parts of the city, the reports showing that

11,403 men, 7,731 women, and 1,958 children, visited 52 public-houses in St. Pancras Ward. At North Bow, on a wretchedly rainy night, 49 public-houses received visits from 7,246 men, 4,933 women, and 1,718 children. In the West also, with 49 public-houses, the numbers were 12,859 men, 7,455 women, and 1,628 children. In the South things were worse—worse probably than could be found anywhere else. Taking 50 houses in the immediate vicinity of the Elephant and Castle, the census showed 17,347 men, 10,665 women, and 1,645 children. Thus, in the last three hours of a Saturday, 200 houses were visited by no less than 86,670 persons. The Bristol census for 1881, based on 900 houses open from 7 to 11, showed a total of only 98,000 persons. The Rev. Mr. Horsley, the gaol chaplain, had suggested that a census should be taken of the number of women entering public houses between the hours of 10 and 12 in the morning. According, twelve houses in the neighborhood of Tolmers square were selected, and the result, he thought, would rather startle husbands living in that district. No less than 1,250 females visited the houses in question between the hours named.

The conference, among other things, appointed a strong and influential committee "to endeavor to have Parliament pass a bill preventing children under the age of 14 years being served with drink in any public house, either for themselves or others." The temperance people are taking up the question in earnest, and are making a determined effort to do away, as far as possible, with the great evil.

WORSE THAN THE GAS COMPANIES.

A parliamentary return, which has just been issued by the London Water companies, is a truly remarkable record of extortion. Here are a few of the salient features: Between 1872 and 1883 the number of houses supplied by the companies increased by 32 per cent., the amount of water-rates paid in virtue of the houses increased by 58 per cent. The average water-rental, it is calculated, thus increased from £1. 18s. 1d in 1872, to £2. 5s 8d. in 1883. That, however, is not all, for another table in the return shows that the average daily supply to each house has considerably decreased during the same period, so that Londoners are now paying a great deal more money for a great deal less water than in 1872.

A WELL PAID FAMILY.

The third Duke of Wellington has just entered upon his 40th year, though he looks a much older man. His Grace has not that clean cut face of his grandfather, the great Duke, nor has he any pretension to a tittle of his ability. Indeed, we might fairly say that he is only an ordinary specimen of humanity. He receives a pension of £4,000 a year, but he will be the last of that ilk who will partake of the nation's bounty, the pension being granted for three lives only. But his Grace will still enjoy the enormous grants which were given to the original Duke. The total amount received by the Wellington family to the present time, is no less than £1,425,400.

PAUL CHAPUIS.

Infringement of Clover Huller Patent.

The Newark Machine Company, of Columbus, Ohio, recently filed an interference claim against Gaar, Scott & Co., of Richmond, Ind., which was recently decided by the United States Commissioner of Patents in favor of the Newark Machine Company. This will lay liable for damages to the Newark Machine Company, manufacturers and purchasers of machines made in imitation of the *Victor Clover Huller*. These patents run for about sixteen years more.

Descriptive Letters from Several Points.

J. C. Baldridge, Sac City, Iowa:

As my time for the BLADE is out, I will renew my subscription, for we do not know how to keep house, hardly, without it; we find so many good recipes in it and its columns are good for old and young. I will tell you something of the country here: It is a very cold, backward spring. Flax that was up last week was frozen to the ground, and it is a very poor place here for a poor man, for it is such long, cold winters. It takes all a man can earn through the summer to burn through the winter. Coal is $5 per ton; provisions the same as other places. I wish some one would write from southwestern Dakota, near the Black Hills, and tell something of that country. Is it a corn country?

Macon County, North Carolina:

As many readers of the Weekly BLADE have asked me various questions about this region, I have not time to answer them all fully, except through the BLADE columns, which I trust will be satisfactory to all concerned. What first drew attention to this locality was the grand mountain scenery, its mild winters, its pleasant summers, its invigorating atmosphere, its pure cold water and the healthfulness of the climate. While many diseases readily yield to this climate, its power in restoring consumptives to their wonted health has given it more prominence as a sanitarium than anything else. There are numbers who came here with lung, liver and kidney diseases who have been thoroughly restored, and have made it their permanent home, so well do they like the climate. As a winter resort for Northerners and a summer resort for Southerners, it stands unrivalled, and if there is a land where Morpheus rules undisturbed it is here, where the nights are always delightfully cool and conducive to sound, refreshing and invigorating sleep, without such nuisances as flies or mosquitoes, either by day or night. The majority of immigrant settlers here are from New England and Western men, while several European nationalities are represented, to wit: England, Ireland, Germany and Sweden. Yet this is not an El Dorado, only during a certain period of one's existence, nor is it a serpentless Eden, for every rose has its thorn; nor are all the lands as fertile as the Nile banks in Egypt, as every oasis has its desert; nor all the streams as though they wash golden sands like Pactolus of old, yet there are as few jars, as little chaos, as much intelligence and refinement, as many advantages and inducements as can be found in any other known section of like settled age and population, and it is here that many of the old veterans, who fought under Generals Grant and Logan, meet and fraternally commingle, as true soldiers do every where. There are lands in these mountains that produce fine crops of corn, wheat, rye, oats, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, grasses, and as fine tobacco as is grown in the world. The dairying advantages of region are neither equaled nor excelled by those of any other region known to us. Plenty of cheap mountain land that gives good pasturage, good shelter, plenty of good cool water, a bountiful supply of timber for fencing purposes, which in case of stock raising, would do away with herding. Other advantages are cool summers, no swamps, musquitoes or troublesome flies, and the abundance of grasses and other plants that can be easily produced and will contribute to the small cost of the lacteal products, which will find a ready market right at home. It is the home of the sheep, which can be raised here at a cost not exceeding 75c, while its fleece, as it is free from burs and dirt, requires no washing, consequently it maintains its native gloss or sheen, and brings from one cents to ten cents more per pound in the market than other wool. The long cool summers seem to conduce to the rarest perfection in apples, peaches, pears and apricots, while cherries and berries are perfectly at home. The water power is unlimited, while the forest has unknown millions of feet of the following timbers: nine varieties of oak, seven of hickory, six of maple, red and black birch, black walnut, yellow locust, poplar, chestnut, laurel, cucumber, pine, hemlock, wild cherry, persimmon, dogwood and beech, besides many others. Public schools are held for four months each year in every school district. First grade teachers get $40 per month and as a demand, while there is a superabundance of the second and third grades on hand. Mountain land can be bought from 75 cents to $1.00 per acre, while rich land covered with fine timber is now offered at from $1.50 to $7.00 per acre.

"Glad News."

Send your address with stamp to Home Electric Appliance Co., Ridgeville, Ind. "GLAD NEWS" to all sufferers from Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Nervous Prostration Kidney, Bladder or Genital devangement of either sex. Especially beneficial to suffering ladies and debilitated men.

Some Short Temperance Utterances.

J. C. Lawton (no postoffice):

I admire the BLADE: First, on account of the bold stand for temperance prohibition, which is the only way to "pulverize the Rum Power." Second, it is looked for and read by me and several others here on account of the CAMP FIRE department. As we are members of the G. A. R., Patrick Collins Post No. 11, Department of Utah, those that participated in the great struggle for human liberty and the honor of our flag have every good impulse inspired and strengthened for greater efforts by reading your paper on any subject you write, and more especially on the prohibition of the greatest curse that ever was tolerated in any civilized and otherwise happy land.

Frank Murphy, Conneaut, O.:

I have been reading the many temperance editorials and letters that you receive in your noble work in trying to wipe out the greatest curse that exists on God's green earth, and viewing them from the right standpoint, I find that the BLADE is making the greatest effort to crush out the most damnable curse that exists. What wards can be used to save our young men from indulging in that accursed alcohol, that ruins body and soul and sends many to alms-houses and penitentiaries by thousands, aye, even millions. There is but one way, and that is to follow the BLADE'S views, as I think the BLADE is right in advocating the temperance cause as they do. Let every Christian who wants to save their sons and daughters, unite with the BLADE'S views in crushing the rum power.

From adverti semeut in to-day's paper, it will be seen that Col. B. Frank Moore, the old reliable New York and Chicago Manager of the "Louisiana State Lottery," is again in the field, with headquarters at *Harrodsburg, Kentucky*, his blue grass Kentucky home.

A Collision on the Pan Handle.

The through express train coming east on the Pan Handle railroad collided with an empty accommodation train at Burgettstown, Pa. Both engines were thrown from the track and wrecked. Engineer James Conboy, and Fireman Charles Downing, of the accommodation train, were cut and bruised, but not seriously hurt. The passengers on the express train received a terrible shaking up and were badly frightened, but no one was injured.

Humane Societies recommend the Boss Collar Pad.

Charges Against Sen. Sabin.

The objections of the Minnesota Thrasher company, successor to the Northwest Manufacturing and Car company, to the claims of Sen. Sabin against the latter corporation, are ready for filing in the District Court of Washington county. Sabin's claims for salary due, loans, and services amount to $736,000. The Thrasher company alleges that the senator has conducted the business of the firm wrongfully and negligently, and charges that he destroyed the credit of the company and drove it into bankruptcy, damaging the corporation in the sum of $1,500,000, all of which is set forth as a counter claim, and offset against any claim that Mr. Sabin may have against the corporation.

Cats and Dogs Threatened.

A disease, which is supposed to be glanders, has broken out among the horses and other animals of Knoxville, Pa. It is already epidemic. Twelve horses have died since Saturday, and it has communicated to cats and dogs The owners of animals are thoroughly alarmed.

Agents will find an advertisement in another column descriptive of a fine lithographic portrait of Cleveland and Hendricks. The Souvenir Publishing Co., 41 Park Row, N. Y., are reliable, and canvassers will find it to their advantage to write them for special agents, terms.

Publishers' Column.

THE BLADE'S PREMIUM LIST.

Books, Pictures and Watches.

We publish five books, as follows:—

"NASBY IN EXILE," the travels of D. R. Locke in Europe, one of the most entertaining books of travel ever written. Old Price, $3.50.

"ANDERSONVILLE," a Story of Southern Prisons, by John M'Elroy. This is the only correct history of Southern prisons ever written and one of the most entertaining as well as truthful books ever published. Old price $3.00.

"OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES." The best book of recipes and the most reliable ever printed. It has always sold for $2.00.

"HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S. Bouton. There is no more valuable book ever written for women and girls. It contains plain and reliable directions for attaining and retaining health and beauty and is indispensable. Price $1.00.

"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE."—Another book for the young of both sexes, by the same author. All the forms and observances of good society with the reasons for and the philosophy thereof, are plainly stated. Every young person should have this book, as well as a great many old ones. Price $1.

THE GREAT STEEL ENGRAVING

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON, EDITOR.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:
1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.
2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.
3. Write only on one side of the paper. Write PLAINLY. Do not interline. Write BRIEFLY.

WOMAN'S WORK.

WHAT CAN SHE DO?

XXXV.

I want to open this chapter with a remark which will seem superfluous. It is this: There is a wonderful difference in women. Of course there is, you will say. Who ever doubted it? Haven't we always learned that there were in the world no two individuals that were made exactly after the same pattern?

That is true; but let me explain. My words are not intended to apply to individual women but to classes, of which there are two considered with reference to the one quality which has so much to do with their success in winning independence in the way of self-support. This quality is confidence in one's own power of doing. It is far removed from selfish egotism. It is made up of courage, determination, and an intelligent comprehension of the fact that there is no royal road to success in anything. It takes hard work, and a spirit that rebounds from severe knocks in the shape of rebuffs from those who have the summer side of life.

I was reading a little while ago of the experience of the secretary of an employment bureau for women in one of our large cities. She said that the greater part of the seekers for work might be described individually under the head of "The Woman Who Weeps." They seemed to imagine that the attitude of helplessness was the one to assume, and usually prefaced their requests with the assertion that they had seen better days, and followed with a history of the misfortunes which had brought them to such a pass.

Of course this grows out of two false ideas: They fail to recognize the true dignity of of labor, and that the fact of being able to do something which is of marketable value really is a matter of pride rather than degradation; and, second, they imagine that the women who can take care of themselves are not as much admired and respected by men as those who are helpless and dependent. Concerning this Mrs. Starrett well says:

"Nothing could be farther from the truth. The woman who is sufficient unto herself; who goes where she lists and employs her talents at whatsoever she likes; who takes an honest pride in earning and handling her own money; who keeps her business to herself, and asks neither advice nor assistance—she is the one who really secures the admiration and respect of all men whose respect is worth having. Grace Greenwood says she has always observed that upon the ocean every man respects and admires and commends the woman who can swim. So, too, do all sensible women. Times are greatly changing; whether they will or not, women are thrown out into the waves and must swim or drown in the stormy sea of life. There is no use fretting about it; there is, indeed, no time to even discuss the question; preconceived ideas of the proprieties, feminine weaknesses, spheres, must all have to stand aside; the question is bread, bread. And such being the case, the most admirable and encouraging person that one can possibly meet in these disastrous days is the woman who can take care of herself."

This is well put, and being true is ample reason for every woman, who finds herself obliged to earn her own living to sweep away all false pride, and cultivate self-confidence. Believe in yourself, that you have been gifted with a body and brains for service in the world, that you can do some kind of work just as well as somebody else, and that you will not be conquered by obstacles or difficulties. Going to work with such a spirit, and my word for it, you will be successful. Yet it is true that if you begin somewhat late in life without any training, you are somewhat handicapped in the race from the start, but courage and determination will overcome even this obstacle.

I have been led to these remarks by two contrasting incidents; the one, the mournful "I can't" of a woman who feels bitterly her fall from comparative independence, but who has health and a fair share of mental power which she might turn into profitable channels, were she not so entirely lacking in self confidence; the other, hearing of the success of a woman in a business not much trenched upon by women, that of "stock raising," and of another who built up a large business and secured a competence by acting as agent for the sale of pianos.

I am not advising you to be either a stock-raiser or a piano agent, but am simply going to tell you something of what these women accomplished by a spirited determination. One of them was the daughter and only child of a farmer, whose heir she would be. She was brought up to an out-of-door life, being with her father a great deal when he was ordering his work. Being very intelligent, she acquired a thorough knowledge of the farm and its necessities in the way of cultivation, and learned to judge of stock as well as any stock raiser in the vicinity.

When she was eighteen her father died, and it was a necessity for her to take his place and carry on the farm for a year at least, or else lose a large part of her property. She did not sit down and say that she could not take such a responsibility, but assumed it at once and without hesitancy. The very first year she made an investment in cattle which netted her over $1,000. She understood her business, had confidence in herself, and the result was success.

This is not the only instance of women becoming stock-raisers and succeeding. One of the largest cattle ranches in Texas is owned and operated by a woman. Many of you have heard of Mrs. Iliff who lives in Colorado. Her husband, who was a veritable cattle king, died suddenly, and the whole business was thrown into her hands. Had she been like the majority of women, and left everything in the hands of agents, it would have been but a little time before the great estate would have been scattered to the four winds of heaven. On the contrary she has looked after it as carefully and as skilfully as any man could have done, and she is to-day the wealthiest woman in Colorado.

Her history teaches another lesson beside that of confidence in herself. She, doubtless, had some idea of her husband's methods of management. He had not kept her in complete ignorance of the details of his business as do the majority of husbands. Not having a fixed title to a long life, he recognized the possibility of leaving his wife alone, and knew that an understanding of his financial matters would be of infinite value at such a time. But even with this, had she not been a woman of spirit and determination, she could not so readily have assumed the control of such vast interests.

Speaking of cattle raising brings to mind Middy Morgan, the cattle market reporter of a New York daily. She does additional work for another paper, sometimes speculates a little, goes everywhere fearlessly, understands all about cattle, and has accumulated a fortune of somewhere near $60,000.

The successful woman, who acted as agent for the sale of pianos, could never have worked up the business which she managed so admirably had she not fortified herself against discouragements, and had the strong, hopeful confidence in her own powers that bade her persevere and she would be prosperous. When she began, women agents were comparatively unknown. They have multiplied now. It is necessary for this work to be a fairly good player, in order to show off the instrument you wish to sell.

I heard the other day of a young girl who was supporting herself in a decidedly unique way. She seemed to be left entirely unprepared to do anything possessing a market value, but with a little of this, a smattering of that. One single accomplishment was hers. She had been taught to mend beautifully, and this she resolved to turn to an account. Housekeepers there were in plenty who hated mending and were glad to employ her. Business women who had no leisure, and young men without homes, gave her ample employment after it was once known that she would accept it. I cannot say that she is making a fortune, but, at least, she is supporting herself comfortably.

It is this willingness to turn the hand to anything that is respectable, and will command a market, that helps women along and is giving them a vantage ground which every day grows surer and safer. It is a foolish thing to remain idle, because you cannot get just the work you think is suited to your position in life, your ability, or your education. Take what comes to you, and do it as well as possible, keeping your eyes open for the chance which is quite sure to appear by and by, of "stepping up higher."

EMILY S. BOUTON.

Fancy Work and House Decoration.

Needle Case.—Take a strip of white or light blue flannel three inches wide and thirteen inches long. Put on lengthwise five rows of gilt braid, each one alternated with feather stitching of crimson silk. Line it with crimson silk and bind it with ribbon of the same color. Put a square pocket of satin on one end for the thimble; in the middle fasten three leaves of white flannel button-holed with crimson silk. Make them of three sizes, the smallest on the top. Stitch two bands of satin ribbon across above the leaves towards the pointed end. Put stitching across these at intervals, leaving spaces for scissors, tape, needle, etc. Fold the case twice, letting the point end lap over. Put a rosette of narrow ribbon on the point with ends to pass around the case and tie.

Baby's Afghan.—A yard of rose colored scrym and one yard of ecru with a half pound of the nicest white cotton batting, will make a very pretty and warm one for cool weather. Tack it as you would a comfortable in tufts of ecru and blue worsted. Then button hole the edge with blue or trim it around with lace. The whole is extremely inexpensive and yet very dainty.

Parlor Thermometer.—Take a piece of stiff cardboard 11 ins. long and 8 ins. wide; cover the front with dark red plush, the back with black satin; put the thermometer in the lower right hand corner; in the upper left hand corner put a spray of lilies of the valley (silk appliqué), and in the room sew four silk tassels, one at the top, to hang it by, ribbon the same color as the plush and tassels, attached to each corner and tied in a bow.—AUNT JUNO.

Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; s, slip; sl, slip.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st, crossed treble stitch; sh c, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Torchon Lace.—Fifteen stitches. 1st row—plain. 2d row—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—k 1—o—k 6. 3d row—k 6—o—k 3—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 1. 4th row—k 3—o—n—n—o—k 6—o—k 6. 5th row—bind off 4, leaving 1 on right hand needle, 14 on left—k 1—o—n—k 3—n—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 1. 6th row—k 3—o—n—k 3—n—o—k 1—n—o—k 3. 7th row—k 3—o—k 1—slip 2—k 1—throw the two slipped stitches over—o—k 4—o—n—k 1—repeat. This is a very pretty lace.—H. L. B.

Directions for Shoulder Cape.—In answer to "M. F."—Material two skeins Saxony yarn and 12 yds. of inch-wide ribbon.

1. Make a chain of 84 stitches, turn and make treble crochet in two stitches, beginning with the third from the needle in each row, five treibles in one stitch, treble crochet in two stitches, skip two stitches, repeat. Crochet together the last two stitches in each row.

2. Two chain, treble crochet in three stitches, three treble in one stitch, treble crochet in three stitches, skip two stitches, repeat except two chain—do not repeat that in any row.

3. Two chain, treble crochet in three stitches, five trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in three stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

4. Two chain, treble crochet in four stitches, three trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in four stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

5. Two chain, treble crochet in four stitches, five trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in four stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

6. Two chain, treble crochet in five stitches, three trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in five stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

7. Two chain, treble crochet in five stitches, five trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in five stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

8. Two chain, treble crochet in six stitches, three trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in six stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

9. Two chain, treble crochet in six stitches, five trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in six stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

10. Two chain, treble crochet in seven stitches, three trebles in one stitch, treble crochet in seven stitches, skip two stitches, repeat.

Repeat this row until the cape is of the desired length. Mine has nineteen rows in it:

1. Tie fringe across the bottom. Now fasten your join in the first stitch at the top; make four chain, skip two stitches, treble crochet in the third, repeat.

2. Four chain, three trebles in first hole of first row, two chain, repeat.

3. Repeat second row.

4. One single crochet, three trebles, one single crochet in the first hole of third row; repeat this across top and down fronts of cape. Now run ribbon between the gores, letting a loop and end extend to end of fringe, and also run ribbon through the open work at the neck. The more loosely this is crocheted the prettier it is, as that makes it light and fluffy.—MRS. L. R.

Correspondence.

POULTRY RAISING FOR WOMEN—NO. 4.

Many women are deterred from attempting poultry keeping because they imagine that a costly poultry house, with all the "modern improvements," is a necessary part of the "outfit." Get rid of that notion. Of course your fowls must have a house, but it need not be expensive. On nearly every farm there is some building, or a part of some building, which, if not already suited to the needs of fowls, can at very little expense be "fixed over" into a comfortable poultry house; but even though you have no old building to "make over," and but little ready money with which to build new, do not be discouraged; make up your mind that you will have a poultry house, and then look about for building material that will come within reach of your pocket book. Rough posts, poles, cheap boards—or even slabs—sods and straw can be obtained almost anywhere, and you will not need to hire a carpenter to put up a house of such materials; any man who knows enough to use an axe, hammer and saw, and thatch a roof, can do the work. Such homes may not be particularly ornamental, but they can be made comfortable, and comfort is what counts with poultry. In regard to the form, and internal arrangement of the poultry house, I have no "best" plan to offer, only a few suggestions that will, if carefully considered, enable the beginner to decide upon a plan that will meet every requirement. The essential points to be considered in the construction of a poultry home are: Plenty of room, light, warmth, freedom from dampness, convenience, and some means of ventilation without exposing the fowls to the danger of roosting in drafts. Upon these points I condense the following from "The People's Farm and Stock Book:" On selecting a site for the poultry house avoid dampness. Damp houses and swampy yards are fruitful sources of disease. If the proposed site be not well-drained naturally, drain it by artificial means. In the colder parts of our country a southern exposure is best, and when possible the home should be situated so as to be sheltered as much as possible from the winds and storms that come from the north and west. The size of the house must be determined by the climate and the number of fowls to be wintered. In those parts of the country where the ground is covered with snow for three or four months, allow at least six square feet of floor room for every fowl; but half of this ground room may, or rather should be, in a shed connected with the main building. The shed should be so constructed that it can be closed in stormy or very cold weather. In localities where the fowls can run out of doors the year round, less house room will be required, and the shed may be an open one.

Warmth should be secured by double boarding, with building paper between, by building, whenever practicable, partly under ground, by thick walls of earth, etc., rather than by artificial heat.

For light there should be large windows in the south side, and if there be one in the east side to admit the morning sunlight, so much the better. The windows should have broad shutters on the outside, and be protected by wire netting on the inside.

For ventilation there should be an opening at the highest point, sheathed to exclude storms, and an opening near the floor so arranged that there will be no current of air to strike the fowls when on the roosts. The best way to ventilate the poultry-house in warm weather is to make it as much like an open shed as possible by removing the windows and doors and using screens made of wire netting.—FANNY FIELD.

A HYGIENIC NORMAL.—Under the auspices of the W. C. T. U., an enterprising village of the South had a Hygienic Normal, conducted by Dr. J. H. Kellogg and wife, of Battle Creek, Mich.

That the subjects treated of are universally interesting, and that they were presented in a fascinating manner so that the large company of refined women as well as the many intelligent men, who were present listened with deep interest, is my apology for calling the attention of the ladies of the HOUSEHOLD to a brief sketch of the Hygiene Normal.

No hygienic views were presented except those that are advocated by the most enlightened sanitarians of the present day throughout the country.

As the genial doctor discoursed of the digestive organs and their proper treatment he emphasized the fact that white flour was very inferior to that made from the whole grain, and to the prevalent use of white bread he a signed the cause of early decay of the teeth as well as the cause of neuralgia and other nervous diseases, but as nothing of the nutritional disease, dyspepsia. That scavenger, the hog, is no more fit for food than other animals that feed upon decaying carcasses, and whoever eats swine's flesh to day commits just as heinous an offence against the laws of health as such an act would have been under Moses's administration. None of those animals that the Mosaic law forbade the Israelites to eat were fit for food. They were no doubt forbidden upon health principles. The sanitary teachings at the Hygienic normal also sentenced to annihilation the frying-pan, and condemned condiments. A mustard plaster on the inside of the stomach, it is reasonable to suppose, would make a blister as well as on the outside. When it was declared that cream was more wholesome than butter, the ladies from the country rejoined that the laborious process of churning would be eliminated from the farm-house.

The intense interest of the audience was manifest from the shower of written questions with which the doctor and Mrs. Kellogg were inundated.

The ladies spent the mornings, evenings and intermissions in delightful conversation, the sole topic of which was "Hygienics." Dr. Kellogg appeared to possess the happy faculty of depriving his hearers of all appetite for those articles of food which he pronounced unwholesome. Ham and sausage, and even fried chicken at once became unpalatable to the ladies of the "Hygienic Normal." And among other things with which their tables had hitherto been supplied became nauseous in the light of science. They represented that they were forced to subsist for the time upon a very meagre diet, and when, one day at noon, some whole wheat loaves and hygienic crackers from the sanitarium bakery of Battle Creek, were broken up and offered to the members of the Hygienic Normal, they were eagerly taken. Soda or baking powder cannot be used by the sanitary cook. Aerated bread is the superior article, the genuine "staff of life"; yeast bread, if not sour, may also be eaten with impunity.

All the ladies became wide-awake, as each made an imaginary inspection of her own house, whilst the doctor talked of hygiene and dirt, and told of the microscopic monsters that infested the kitchen, emanating from moldy bread, sour fruit, and decay of every kind, and were by no means absent from other rooms of the house, but found swarming in the dust and lurking in the carpet, their favorite hiding place—so wide awake indeed, that some, as they declared, slept now during the night for thinking of the terrible things that infested their houses from garret to basement, and longing for morning that house-cleaning might be begun and the disease-breeding carpets forever removed.

It was gratifying to learn a simple method of detecting the presence of "germs" in the water we drink. Even in the cool sparkling water may lurk typhoid fever, diphtheria or some other deadly disease. Five different specimens of water were tested before the large audience, and only that from the town-pump was found free from organic matter. A solution of permanganate of potash in pure water is a liquid of a deep blue color. One drop of this in pure water will retain its color; if impure the color will disappear at once. Not a season passes but that young and robust lives are cut off by typhoid fever or diphtheria, and households made desolate, and science points to the well as the possible origin of these fell destroyers. Then a test by which the purity of the drinking fountain can be tried is certainly a boon to every family—better, by far, if used and its warnings heeded, than a score of doctors after disease has begun its ravages.

The interest in sanitary topics has not yet subsided, and "Hygenics" is a word still frequently heard in this vicinity, and it is hoped it will not all end in words and a few feeble efforts to carry into effect sanitary methods in food, drink and general surroundings, but that a thorough cleansing may take place, so that when the cholera crosses the Atlantic this summer the town of Greensboro, N. C., may bid him defiance.—CAROLINA.

Inquiries.

"Fannie Field:" How low a price can good broilers and eggs be sold, to give the producer a fair profit? And, if you please, is a home made incubator of any account?—M. F., Jefferson City, Mo.

Can any one tell what will be good for a glossy, greasy looking skin? No difference how I take care of my face, it will look greasy.—V. E. R.

Will you or some of the readers of the BLADE inform me through the HOUSEHOLD of the soil, climate and production of Jackson county, Arkansas? I would like to hear from somebody that lives there. Can you give me somebody's address that lives in the above mentioned county?—C. H. RUGGLES, Cherokee, Cherokee county, Iowa.

Will some reader of the BLADE send directions to the HOUSEHOLD for crocheting or knitting ladies' hood? And how much worstad is needed?—A. L. T.

Will some one please give full directions for making hair waves?—MRS. J. W. MITCHELL, Fairmount, Vermillion county, Illinois.

Will some one please tell me how to extract perfume of flowers, such as roses, or any flower, with a scent? And whether to use the whole flower?—LULU.

Will you please publish a recipe to pickle walnuts?—MRS. B. F. G.

Can some one tell me how to color cotton rags a red that will not fade? Also green and blue?—E. E. W.

Will some one tell me what to do with my young chicks, that refuse to eat? Some of them have died of starvation, I believe. I have forced them to eat sometimes, but perhaps they would not eat enough then to sustain life. We always give our chickens onion tops cut up fine for cholera.—DODY.

Can any one tell what will cure chicken gapes or prevent it?—E. E. W.

Will some one in the HOUSEHOLD let me know if the two books written by Miss Bouton have ever been sold by newsdealers? And what would be the price by the dozen?—J. W. WARD.

If you write to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., you will find out all about Miss Bouton's books.—ED.

Can the editor or any of the numerous readers of the BLADE inform me where I can procure a shuttle for the Dauntless sewing machine? I have tried Norwalk, O., where it was made, and several other places unsuccessfully. My machine has been used but very little. I took it to Adrian for repairs last December, where the shuttle was lost. I am very anxious about it, and any person giving desired information, will confer a great favor.—MRS. T. A. TILLSON, Ohio.

Please tell me through the BLADE, the best poultry paper to take? I would like all the information I can get through the BLADE on poultry raising.—MRS. W. H. DAY.

The *Prairie Farmer*, of Chicago, has a poultry department edited by "Fanny Field," who is, perhaps, the best writer upon the subject in the United States. She has had years of practical experience, and speaks with authority.—ED.

Will some one give me a remedy for sore feet? They do not break out in sores, but feel very tender. No matter how large my shoes are they hurt my feet. If some one will give a remedy, I will be grateful, for my feet at times are very painful.—TENDERFOOT.

Answers to Inquiries.

In the BLADE of a week ago, I noticed an article from a lady who had seen a quilt containing 1,900 pieces, made by a lady 60 years old. I wish to tell the HOUSEHOLD of some quilts belonging to members of our family. One, containing 2,280 pieces, is the work of a lady when she was 94 years of age. When she was in her 99th year she pieced fourteen; the one we have contains 1,680 pieces. We have one more of her work; it contains 981 pieces. This one she made after she was 100 years old.—M. P.

"Great temperance, open air
Easy work and little care."

This is good advice for the old gentleman who wants a relief for dyspepsia. There is no cure for dyspepsia. The stomach has become weak and it must be favored as all other weak things should be. Stimulating medicines may be taken but it is only like whipping up a tired horse, in time it will relapse and be all the worse for the forcing process. Good air is very important for a dyspeptic. It should be breathed nights as well as days. Open a window from the bottom a little and let it down from the top in order to have a free circulation of air but do not sleep in a draught. Two meals a day are better for a person with a weak stomach than three. The change from a varied diet to a rigid one always causes more or less suffering. This must be borne as it has to come sometime and had better come now while there is strength to bear it. Much relief from this can be obtained by fomenting the stomach daily one-half hour. Care and rest will do much for the stomach.

Persevere in a simple regimen for a few months and you will find your stomach much improved and able to do light work with ease and comfort.

"Once a man and twice a child," is an old saying and a true one. The powers of mind and body will fail. It is our lot and we must be reconciled to it. Old people should return to the simple habits of childhood, eat light and nourishing food and take a great deal of rest. Thus will their lives pass tranquilly and peacefully away. —Miss L.

Here is a preventive of curculio stinging the plumb, that if given a fair trial will save it. I have tried it and was able to save mine. Get gas tar, place in some old iron vessel some coals and chips, plant under tree, pour over this the tar and smoke thoroughly three times a week, from the time they are the size of small hazlenuts until nearly full grown. If possible, smoke on calm evenings, so the smoke will ascend direct through the tree.

A "Hunter's Wife" wants to hear of some Pekin ducks. We have had them for three years.—MRS. WILL A. CATE, Maryville, E. Tenn.

I saw an account in the BLADE of May 21 of an old lady piecing a quilt composed of 1,360 pieces. My mother-in-law, when 84 years of age, pieced a quilt composed of 5,800 pieces. She is now 91 years old, and last this spring finished piecing another very nice quilt which she intends sending to the Orphans' home, Pittsburg, Pa.—MRS. LEONARD HOGG.

Tell "Reader" to buy tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda, fill 2 glasses each ⅔ full of water, sweeten one a little, add ½ a teaspoonful of soda, then not quite so much of acid to the other glass. Stir both well and pour the acid water into the other; drink while it foams. This is a good drink for weakly folks in hot weather and is good in fever.—MRS. I. H. ALLEN, Marion, Ind.

Dear me! I wonder if I was ever a young lady? Only two years married, and the twins, so sweet and cunning when all swaddled and dressed), with their little red fists shut so tight, as well as their eyes; but where is the romance of my young ladyhood now? After keeping awake all night, walking the floor with one and then the other, while husband grumbles and snores; visions of skating-rinks, sleigh-rides and bon-bons are "fading fast away."—ANON.

"Anon's" experience is very much like that of the majority of women. The HOUSEHOLD will be glad to hear from her as she proposes, though it would perhaps be better to choose subjects more in accordance with its general purpose.—ED.

Here is a remedy for chilblains. I have suffered terribly every winter for 50 years. I have tried everything I could hear of. Now you afflicted ones, take hot water as hot as you can dip up with the hand, (better than one can put their feet in) hold the foot over a basin and dip up with the hand and bathe the chilblains every night till relieved and you will be surprised at the result.—C. L. W.

Recipes.

To Put Away Woolens.—In putting away woolens take a hint from the packers of French dresses. They stuff out the tops of the sleeves and all bows and ruffles with wads of soft tissue paper. Newspapers will do just as well in filling out the sleeves of woolen jackets, dresses, overcoats and all folds that will wrinkle, so that they shall not come out of the camphor chest sharply erased where the folds have been.

A. L. B.

Stewed Lamb and Peas.—Take 2 lbs. of a loin of lamb, cut it into chops, not too thick, and season them with salt and white pepper. Now dredge them lightly with flour and fry them in a little butter until they become delicately browned. Make a good stock by dissolving 2 ozs of Johnston's fluid beef in a pint of boiling water. Drain the fat from the chops, put them into a saucepan and pour the stock, boiling hot, over them, adding two or three minced shallots, a few leaves of lettuce, cut into pieces, a leaf of tarragon and a teaspoonful of pulverized sugar; then season well with a little salt and grated nutmeg, cover the pan tightly and set it over a gentle fire. When it has simmered for fifteen minutes, add a pint of young, freshly-shelled peas, recover the sauce-pan, simmer the contents for twenty minutes more, or until the peas become tender, then dish up the chops, pour the peas around them, and serve at once.—MRS. M.

Testing Eggs, Flour and Sugar.—Test eggs by holding them up to the light; if they seem clear they are good, but if cloudy they will be stale. Another test is to put the eggs in a pan of cold water, and those that float will be bad, while those that sink are good. Eggs keep best hung in a basket or in bran. There is a great lottery in flour, and when you have discovered a good brand you had best keep to it. The two "processes" now in use are called the St. Louis and the New Haxrall. The former makes the best cake and pastry, and the latter the best bread. Flour should be creamy white, not blue white, and is most economical bought in large quantities. The best oatmeals are the Scotch and Irish, and the coarse is most healthful and keeps the longest time. Fine granulated sugar for constant use is the cheapest, and is in reality swee er than the moistened brown sugar. Test sugar by putting some in water. If it dissolves entirely, the sugar is pure, for its adulterations are gypsum and flour, both of which are insoluble in water. Porto Rico molasses is best for cooking, but should not be kept corked in a hot place, as it will burst the vessel that contains it in those circumstances.—R. K.

Snowed Eggs.—Beat up a stiff froth, with a little pulverized sugar, the whites of 6 eggs. Place on the fire a pint of fresh milk which has been sweetened and flavored to taste. When the milk boils, dip out the beaten eggs in tablespoonfuls and drop these, I at a time, into the boiling milk, taking them out as soon as they become set, and arranging them upon a large dish, in such form as fancy may suggest. Now remove the milk to one side of the fire, and as soon as it has come a little cool, stir in the yolks of the eggs, adding the latter very slowly and a little at a time. As soon as the sauce becomes thick pour it around the snowed eggs. This dish should be served hot.

To Cook Vegetable Oysters. Wash and scrape the roots and put them on to cook. When they come to a boil off pour the water. Boil one hour, season with salt and pepper and a little butter. Break up some crackers into a dish, and pour the soup over it.—M. L.

To Dry Corn.—I would like to add my say to what has been already published in regard to drying sweet corn. My only excuse is that I consider it a very particular piece of work from first to last. The corn should be picked when it is in the milk, before it begins to thicken. Husk and pick off the silk as clean as possible; then slice the corn into a pan, taking only the tips of the kernels at first, then scraping the cob with the back of the knife. Scrape only one way, and that toward the point, leaving the hulls on the cob. Spread the corn thickly on plates, put in a hot oven and shut the doors until well scalded, then stir and leave the doors open. Stir occasionally and dry fast enough so that it will all rattle before night. Be sure this has it ready for the oven early in the forenoon. The next morning dry until it is hard; then put in a bag and keep near the stove a day or two longer, and it is ready to put away. When desired for use, boil gently in a bright tin dish until tender, keeping well covered with water. Just before serving, season with butter, salt and pepper; a few grains of sugar may be added if desired. Be sure and not cook it after it is seasoned.

White Liniment.—Two teaspoonfuls of alcohol, one of turpentine, one of eggs, a gill of sharp vinegar. Shake together. It will cure sprains.—M. R., Quincy, Mich.

Our Young Folks.

REMINDING THE HEN.

BY BESSIE CHANDLER.

"It's well I ran into the garden,"
Said Eddie, his face all aglow;
"For what do you think Mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.

"The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut,' she'd say, quick as a wink;
Then 'Cut-cut' again, only slower;
And then she would stop short and think.

"And then she would say it all over,
She *did* look so mad and so vexed;
For, Mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next.

"So I said, 'Ca-*daw*-cut, ca-*daw*-cut,'
As loud and as strong as I could.
And she looked 'round at me very thankful;
I tell you, it made her feel good.

"Then she flapped, and said, 'Cut-cut—ca-*daw*-cut;'
She remembered just how it went then.
But it's well I ran into the garden;—
She might never clucked right again!"

MARC'S CALF AND GORILLA.

BY F. B. STANFORD.

The calf was a three-legged one, red and white, five months old: and the gorilla had once been a very active infant gorilla in his native jungle in Central Africa, but he had died of the blues, it was said, in his third year, and was now stuffed, and "sported" a single glass eye.

One moonlight night in early autumn, not very long ago, the calf and the gorilla were carried as quietly and secretly as possible from "The Highbury Museum of Natural Wonders," to a lonely place on the bank of the river that borders the village, where they were placed aboard of a gundalow—a large, flat-bottomed house-boat used by the lumberman on the river. Marc and his partner in the show business, Quincey Rogers, whose father owned the gundalow, were particularly anxious that no one should find out what they were doing.

There were two persons especially, George Walters and Andrew Scott, from whom they wished to keep their movements hidden. George was the chief proprietor of "The Dime Exhibition," the rival of "The Highbury Museum of Natural Wonders," which Marc managed; and the opposition between the two shows had reached a pitch of exasperation since Marc's father, Capt. Lawrence, had brought home from Africa the stuffed gorilla and added it to his son's collection. The journey was private and secretly in the boat.

"If Andy hasn't been lurking around somewhere behind the bushes," Quincey added, in a low tone.

"They'll find we've stolen a march on them this time," Marc continued, sitting down to recover his breath after his exertion.

It was midnight before they had carried all the minor curiosities of the Museum safely aboard; and then they lay down in the midst of them to seize an hour of sleep before the tide turned down-river, when they intended to start on their voyage. Quincey's father had given them the use of the gundalow for a week, and Marc's mother had provided a generous supply of cooked food. Everything was arranged, and they were anticipating a tip-top time and a shower of dimes. Nothing sat heavy on their minds except the anxiety that "The Dime Exhibition" might follow them. George and Andy had a cross-eyed dog and a dancing rooster in their show that had fairly divided the honors with the wonders of the Museum.

At daylight they were well under way on their journey, and the village was several miles behind them. By 8 o'clock a breeze sprang up, and they set the square-sail of the boat, which carried them on at a lively rate. But a few hours later, as they drew near a short bend in the river, they caught a glimpse of the road at that point.

"Who's that?" asked Marc.

"Upon my word!" said Quincey, struck with mild amazement. "If it isn't them!"

"We're in for it now," Marc answered, glumly, turning the boat's head out from the shore as he could with safety.

"Let's keep quiet, and not let them know we've seen them."

"What good will that do? They'll go to the fair all the same."

A tall, lank boy, with his hands in his pockets walked out to the bank.

"Say! Hello there!" he shouted. "Heave to."

Neither took any notice of him.

"What's your great hurry?" he called, in a sarcastic tone. "You might as well take it easy, for we'll be on the Fair Grounds before you are, anyhow."

"They've got the best of us, sure enough," whispered Quincy.

"We'll see," answered Marc, savagely.

There was no time to be lost. They urged the gundalow ahead under all the sail they could rig, and took advantage of every extra spurt of breeze. The last five miles they got a tow from a passing steamboat. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon they transferred the collection to a truck team, and fifteen minutes later they arrived at the Fair Ground, bag and baggage. George and Andy were ahead of them, however, and had pitched their tent on the space that Marc had previou ly secured.

"First come first served," said George, driving down the tent-stakes with energy. "This is where the superintendent told me to set up, and here I am going to stay."

The superintendent, it turned out, had supposed that George's show was Marc's. When he found out the mistake, he settled the blunder hastily by giving Marc another space directly opposite George's tent.

Every one could see at a glance that they were rival shows.

"It's to be up and tuck," said Marc, "between our calf and gorilla and their pup and rooster."

By dark both shows were pretty well arranged. Marc and Quincey had a dozen cages placed around the walls of their tent, containing many rare birds with brilliant plumage, which Capt. Lawrence had brought from many parts of the world. In the center of the tent, near the entrance, was a monster oyster-shell from the China seas, inside of which was a small tank containing young gold-fish. Besides these interesting curiosities, there were among numerous other things, a noticeable collection of birds' eggs, a collection of rare coins and an owl-monkey from Costa Rica.

George's show was not so large and contained nothing from any foreign country. But he had several things that an uncle had sent from Idaho, among which were Indian bows and arrows, moccasins worn by Apaches, and a hundred handsome specimens of minerals. He had also a small happy family in one cage, which contained a parrot that talked to a black cat, a meek rabbit, and a snapping-turtle. Then he had an educated rooster that actually danced when he exhibited him and requested him to favor the spectators with such performances. Necessity, it is often declared, is the mother of invention, and being hard pressed for something to rival Marc's imported gorilla, he had hit on the idea of making use of this old rooster which had been around the barn yard a long while. Taking a sheet of tin that had done duty under a kitchen stove, he constructed out of it an ingenious floor to a small stage. Andy was hidden underneath with a lamp, and when the rooster was placed on it he kept him dancing about from spot to spot by heating the tin wherever he rested. So far, no one had discovered the trick, and the bird passed for a rooster of extraordinary brains.

When the banners of the two shows appeared in front of the tents, a crowd began to gather. The fair was not yet opened to the public, but there was a large number of people—farmers, cattle-dealers, peddlers, and men engaged in one way or another on the grounds—who were strolling around. A German who had a balloon fastened near at hand, and advertised himself as Prof. Kitchendorf, the renowned æronaut, advised George to hire a hand-organ as an additional attraction.

"Eine show mitout music is joost one-half de ting," he said, and three or four in the crowd agreed with him.

"Yes, give us some music, and 'liven up business," called out one.

Stimulated to enterprise by these suggestions, George and Andy in an unlucky moment, made a bargain with a swarthy Italian to "grind" out the coveted melody in one corner of their tent.

But it was soon discovered the next morning, as soon as the fair opened, that the people's dimes were not to be enticed from them by the charms of a barrel organ. A three-legged calf and a baby gorilla with a remarkable history were things not offered to sight-seers every day, and the crowd flocked to Marc and Quincey's show. They did, in fact, a "rushing" business most of the day and evening, while George shouted himself hoarse and the organ ground out tune after tune in vain.

Evening came at last, and then the grounds were illuminated by electric lights, until a thunder-shower scattered the crowd. Marc and Quincey closed the show finally, tired enough, and counted their money, which amounted to $10.40. They had secreted it in a mustard box, which Marc put into a hole in the ground, blown out the lights, and lain down on some straw, when Quincey believed he saw the "organ grinder" cautiously raise a bit of the canvas of the tent and peer in at them.

"You must be nervous, Quin," said Marc, sleepily. "I didn't see anybody."

"It was some one, anyhow," Quincey declared, creeping to the place and looking out. No one, however, was near.

He lay propped up one elbow until he became drowsy, watching and listening.

"Hallo! what was that?" he called at last, waking from a sound sleep and springing to his feet.

"It's our calf—out of doors somewhere," said Marc, excitedly, scrambling out into the darkness.

Both were so confused that they could not discover from which direction the noise of the calf came. It was a wild night, too; the lightning was blinding, the thunder rumbled, and a brisk wind was rattling everything in the neighborhood. Suddenly, while they stood hesitating, there came a broad flash, and the two boys were certain that they saw a great dark object going up and up above them, and the bleating of their calf seemed to be somewhere in the air near it. But in a moment it had ceased.

"Goodness! are we dreaming?" asked Quincey. "Has the lightning run away with the calf?"

They hurried back into the tent and lighted a lantern. Then it was discovered that the gorilla was gone also.

"It's a robbery," Marc declared, holding the lantern above his head and looking around, bewildered. "They've stolen both the calf and the gorilla".

"Who do you mean?" Quincey asked.

"George and Andy, of course. They're going to get even with us for beating them, I suppose."

Marc was wrong, however. Neither George nor Andy was capable of such meanness. But in the morning, when the disappearance of the calf and gorilla was made known, and it was found that Prof. Kitchendorf's balloon had taken flight likewise, public sentiment in the immediate region began to set in against these rival showmen. The professor stalked about in a towering rage.

"I will give tventy-five dollar," he said—"tventy five dollar to anybodies vat will bring me proofs dat dem young rascals did it."

By noon it began to look as though George and Andy would be obliged to pull up stakes and depart. They protested in vain that they knew nothing whatever about the affair. The excitement against them had got headway; everybody on the grounds by this time had heard of the caper, and a great crowd flocked to the vicinity to examine the premises and listen to the enraged professor. Soon there was a great hubbub, laughter, and shouts.

"There 'tis! there 'tis!" everybody cried, looking up at the sky.

The balloon was sailing over majestically from the top of a wood of tall pines at the back of the grounds. The long rope by which it had been fastened was dangling, and it had probably been caught during the night in the branches of the trees. The calf had his head over the edge of the basket, and bellowed in his loudest voice. The portly form of the gorilla could be seen bobbing back and forth on the seat. Soon the attention of the entire Fair Ground was directed to the sight, and there was much laughter and amusement over the odd appearance of the gorilla. Prof. Kitchendorf was now more excited than ever, unable to decide what to do.

"I vill give ten dollar, tventy, tventy-five dollar to das man who saves it for me," he shouted, jumping on a barrel. "Tventy-five dollar; yah, tirty dollar!"

But the crowd only laughed.

"How shall we get it?" one wag called out. "We can't shin up on nothing."

The professor kept his eyes on the balloon several minutes, while it drifted away, neither rising higher nor falling. When it had passed over the grounds, and gone at least half a mile off, he jumped and seized Marc by the arm. "Come mit me quick," he said, hurrying him through the crowd. "

The Farm.

In this department we cordially invite questions answers and also short communications on agricultural topics, from practical men and farmers. Communications should be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with a subscription letter. The full name and address should in all cases accompany the communication.

Answers to Inquiries.

ARMY WORM.—I want to say to "J. E. A.," who wants some of the readers of the BLADE to tell him how to stop the ravages of the army worm, that if he will plow a deep furrow along the side of his corn or meadow from which the army worms are approaching, and then take a sharp spade and cut the side of the furrow next to the corn or meadow perpendicular or a little concave, leaving the side smooth as possible, it will be impossible for the army worm to climb out of the ditch thus made. Watch the ditch and when it gets pretty well filled with the pests scatter some straw or spoiled hay along the ditch, on the worms, and set fire to it, completely destroying them. Continue this as long as there are any worms to ditch. I have saved two fields of corn this way.—B. F. CUMMINS, Farmingdale, Ill.

BLOODY MILK—GARGET.—B. J. C., Novelty, Mo., asks what causes a cow to give bloody milk? It is caused by the disease called garget. Remedy—One teaspoonful of powdered saltpeter three times a week until the milk becomes pure.—J. B. HANEY, Russell, Kansas.

Tell J. N. Pithian to save the barrel of cider vinegar that the iron bit dropped into. Take one quart of dried peaches, put them in a bread pan and soak them until they can be broken up easy with the hands. Put them in the barrel of vinegar and in about two or three weeks you will find your vinegar a beautiful reddish color.—J. C. JOHNSON, St. Louis, Mo.

RABBITS.—I will tell you what I do to keep rabbits from girdling young apple trees. Take old grease, the older the better, the quantity to be used according to the number of trees; put in half as much tar and one ounce of Scotch snuff. Heat them well together; take strips of cloth, and dip in the solution; wind them round the body of the trees; make them fast at both ends, and no rabbit will touch them.—ANON.

Information Wanted.

LAMENESS.—Will some of the readers or the editor please give a remedy that will relieve a yearling calf of a lameness which seems to originate at the point between the thigh and hip. A lump, something similar to the knee cap is movable, and when toward inside of leg the calf can walk better. What is the cause and what the cure? Also, the calf's mother is the same way.—M. M. GOVER, Tillemon, Ky. [Try salt and water with a little turpentine in it. Rub in well. Apply two or three times a day. —ED.]

CARROTS—PARSNIPS, ETC.—Will the editor or some reader of the BLADE please tell me: 1. If carrots and parsnips are good for fattening hogs? Also what other roots are good to feed them? 2. How much corn is required to keep a hen one year—A. G. R., Newark, D. T. [Carrots and parsnips are about the best for hogs, as are also beets, potatoes and peas. The Western farmer depends largely upon corn, of course, but frequent feeding of diversified food keeps a hog in fine condition. Near killing time the bulk of the feed should be corn. As to the quantity of corn required to keep a hen a year, it depends upon the breed.—ED.]

RYE.—Will some reader of the BLADE give his views on the cultivation of rye; also, whether clover sowed with rye does well; whether or not rye is beneficial to the soil?—THOS. KEENAN, Erie, Tenn.

MUSHROOM BED.—Will some one kindly tell us the simplest way of making a mushroom bed, so that mushrooms will spring up without planting spawn? We have a place for one on the north side of the woodhouse, where kitchen slops can be thrown upon it. Would a bed so near the house be unhealthy for us? How long after the bed is made before mushrooms will appear?—CONTRIBUTOR.

WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH HIM?—Can you tell me what is the matter with my horse? About a year ago his hind leg got stiff, apparently in the hock joints, so that he could not bend them, sometimes one and sometimes both at once. I worked him hard a few days ago, and one morning one of his legs was stiff, but seemed to be more in the stifle joint than in the hock joint. They do not swell a particle, but just get stiff as a stick until I get hold and bind them. Can you tell me what is the matter, and what will cure it?—W. W. GLOFF, Williamstown, Mo. [It is a difficult matter to determine the cause of lameness in a horse without personal examination. From the description you give it indicates rheumatism. For a few days, sprinkle each other day for a week about two ounces of saltpetre in his feed, or dissolve it in the water you give him, and if his urine is not clear, sprinkle a little rosin in his feet, about the size of a small hickory nut. Then rub the joint affected with the following liniment: Aqua ammonia, one ounce; spirits turpentine, half an ounce; coal oil, one ounce. Shake well before applying. Rub in well.]

BLUE GUM TREE.—Can you tell me where I can get seed of the blue gum tree?—[Cannot say.—ED.]

HEAVES.—Please give through the BLADE a cure for heaves or thumps in horses. It was caused by overheating and eating musty hay.—SCHUCHBER, Piper City, Ill. [This is an incurable disease. As good a thing to be tried is: Balsam of fir and balsam of copaiba, four ounces each, and mixed with calcined magnesia sufficiently thick to make it into balls. Give a middling sized ball night and morning for a week or ten days. —ED.]

BEE JOURNAL.—Will you please inform me where I can get a bee journal? and if you can, please send me the price, for I want to purchase one.—CHAS. G. MILLER, Spencerville, Ind. [See Exchanges. Bee Keeper, 16 Thomas street, N. Y.; $1 per year, monthly. Gleanings in Bee Culture, Medina, O.; $1.50 per year, semi-monthly.]

CHOLERA-ROUP.—Will you or some of the many readers of the BLADE send me a cure for chicken cholera or roup?—MRS. MELVIN PRENTICE, Castalia, O. [Remove the fowls affected with cholera at once from the remainder of the flock. Clean out the coop at once and sprinkle it with carbolic acid—an ounce to a gallon of water. The following mixture is a good one: Spirits turpentine, four ounces; tincture rhubarb, one ounce; fluid extract logwood, one ounce; tincture opium, one ounce; fluid extract mandrake, one ounce; tannin, half drachm. Mix and give two teaspoonfuls every two hours. Treatment must be administered as soon as the chickens are attacked. Roup is caused by cold, dampness or overcrowding. Put the chickens in a warm, dry place. Give pure water to drink. At first give teaspoonful castor oil, and inject into the nostrils and mouth the following: Powdered sulphate of potash, three ounces; powdered ammon. ferric alum, one ounce. Dissolve the mixture in as much water as it will take up slightly. Repeat this two or three times a day. Feed warm, soft food. Soon after giving the oil, give one-third teaspoonful, twice a day, of powder, namely: chlorate potash, half ounce; cayenne pepper, half ounce; hyposep soda, two ounces; assafœtida, one ounce; citrate iron, half drachm. Powder to be mixed thoroughly. The little book, "How to Succeed with Small Fruits and Poultry," has the following called Douglas mixture, which is a valuable tonic for poultry: Add to a gallon of water one half pound of sulphate of iron (copperas.) When this is dissolved add one-half an ounce of sulphuric acid. Mix thoroughly and keep in a stone jug or bottle. When settled it is ready for use. It is given by putting in the drinking water about one-half teaspoonful for every 25 fowls.

MILK FEVER, ETC.—I would like your views on milk fever in cows. Also food packed in the second stomach. I have just lost one, and on examination found that the food was packed in the stomach. Is there a remedy for either? Also, hoof rot in horses. —J. O. BROWN, Greenfield, Ill. [All cows are subject to more or less fever at calving. The first symptoms of puerperal or milk fever should receive prompt attention. The cow loses her appetite, becomes dull, rolls the eyes, and looks wildly at her flanks. She loses the use of her hind legs, and if down cannot rise. Treatment—First, give a physic of Epsom salts and molasses. Dissolve half to a pound of salts in a quart of boiling water. Add a teacupful of molasses and give before it gets cold. If the fever is high, and the hind legs are already stiff, add half an ounce of red pepper, or ginger, or caraway, or a quarter of an ounce of each to the salts. If the disease has gone so far that this dose does not give relief, give another, doubling the quantity of ginger, pepper, etc. When first symptoms are discovered injections of warm water and soap should be given at intervals. As to food packing in the stomach of cattle, it is caused by sudden changes in food or in its condition. It may be produced by consumption of mouldy hay, or eating too ravenously of spring grass, clover, green corn, or any excess of cotton cake, corn meal or similar dry or heating food. Prof. Strangeway's successful treatment is—begin with this dose: Laudanum, one ounce; castor oil, one and a half pints. Give at one dose. When the feverish symptoms have abated, prescribe, sulphate of magnesia, 10 ounces; sulphuric acid, 20 drops; quinine, 30 grains. Mix with a quart of water for one dose. Regarding hoof rot, it is a common complaint. Its symptoms are a dry rot of the bottom of the feet, which appears chalky, and may be dug out with a knife. Treatment: Clean out the decayed matter from the bottom of the foot; pare down the frog and sides of the hoof and apply the following liniment: Turpentine, one pint; corrosive sublimate, 1 oz.; gum camphor, 1 oz. Shake well and let stand for 24 hours. Tell the druggist to powder the corrosive sublimate as finely as possible. Do not allow this liniment to touch your flesh. Keep in a glass or earthen vessel. Shake well before opening. Apply with a little mop.

WORMS ON STRAWBERRIES.—We have a large thrifty bed of strawberries, but there is a small green worm eating the leaves. Can any one tell me what will, without injuring the vines, stop them or kill them? The other question is: Will some one send to the BLADE, to be put in, the piece "Cerfew must not ring to-night"? Yours truly, MOSES GOODNOE, Roberts, Wis. [The piece you speak of was published in the BLADE not long ago.—ED.]

SYRUP FROM WATERMELONS.—Do you know the process of making syrup from watermelons? If not, will you ask some subscriber to give it, if the product has any value on the market?—H. W. M.

HEDGE MACHINE.—I want some kind of a hedge trimming machine. I would like one that a man can hang on his shoulders and turn it by crank to run the sickle. Can you or some of the readers of the BLADE post me where such a machine can be found and what it will cost? If you can, I will feel thankful for the information.

Now, as to crop prospects. In this vicinity it is bad at present, excepting oats and grasses which are fine. As to wheat, it is bad, and corn very bad, many ranchers not done planting yet, and the land in bad condition, caused by the unprecedented fall of rain all spring. There are numbers of blue farmers in this portion of the state. All kinds of stock are a great deal lower than they were one year ago, and money as tight as a wogon tire in the spring of the year. Three cheers for John A. Logan. He is the man to put in Cleveland's place next time. —J. J. CLOSE, Ozark, Kansas.—[the editor knows of no such machine. It cannot be found in the large wholesale hardware houses here.—ED.]

CURCULIO.—Can you tell me anything that will prevent the curculio from destroying my plums. I ask this question not only for my own benefit but other subscribers. —WILLIAM KELLY, Moberly, Mo. P. S.—There is a dispute about which is the best time to plant trees. Please give us your opinion. Your remedy for tree lice did the business.—[A late number of *Farm and Home* has the following remedies for curculio: 1.—We give our remedy for preventing the curculio from injuring the plum fruit: As soon as the fruit is formed, or as soon as the sting of the insect is discovered, early in the morning, while the due is on, sprinkle the tree with one or two handfuls of fine salt; throw it up over the tree. One to three applications a few days apart is, with us, sufficient. Too much salt may injure the leaves. Also keep the ground under the tree smooth and white with salt and ashes, and throw washing suds about fruit trees. We always have good crops of plums every year. 2. Get a peck of corn-cobs, cut off both ends with a hatchet, then cut in the middle, making two pieces of each cob. Buy ten pounds of common brown sugar, put all in a kettle, and pour in a bucket of water and stir often. Boil awhile, when the sugar will be dissolved, and the sweetened water will be absorbed in the pith of the cob. Just before the plums begin to bloom prepare the cobs as above, and tie them in the middle and hang them thick among the branches. The fly, when it comes to deposit its eggs, will soon find the pith in the cobs soft and sweet, and will deposit them in the cobs, which can be examined and will be found to contain the young curculios. Then gather them all off the trees and burn. This will be about the time the young plum is as large as a small buckshot. The BLADE has recently had many different ways of fighting the curculio, such as hanging widemouthed bottles three-fourths filled with sweetened water, with a little vinegar in it. Also hanging corn cobs in the trees soaked in coal oil; placing a sheet under the tree early in the morning and striking the tree with a padded mallet; then gathering the curculio and burning them. The editor has several plum trees that have borne largely each year for seven years. He has kept chickens to run among the trees, and kept the trees healthy by pouring soap suds and water, with a little wood ashes about the roots. The wide-mouth bottle and pounding have also been used. The writer is of opinion that chickens are good curculio destroyers. As to the best time for pruning trees, there is a diversity of opinion. It may be advantageous to prune trees early in the winter, when the wood is well rinened. Yet, when the wood is green, and the buds have not arrived at a mature state, it is requisite in such cases to defer pruning until spring, taking care it is performed before the moving of the sap.—ED.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.—Can you tell me what is the matter with the teat of one of my cows? About eight months ago a lump began to grow in the inside, about half way between the udder and the point of the teat. The cords leading from the lump in both directions seemed thickened, the milk was bloody for some time, the opening at the lump closed gradually and the teat went dry. She is now fresh again and I have, by the use of a rubber probe, been able to make an opening and extract some of the milk, but fills up again very soon. She is a valuable Jersey cow, and has received no injury that I know of. Please let me know at once if anything can be done.—L. C. MOXLUX, Monroe, Iowa. [It looks like garget. The general treatment is to give a moderate purge, say half a pound of salts, and follow this up with two ounces of saltpetre in the water, morning and night. No great amount of water should be given, and dry food, such as does not promote milk, should be the only kind allowed. This is essential to success, as it gives the inflamed structure. The milk must be frequently drawn with the hand or with the syphon. The whole of the udder should be rubbed with powdered camphor, half an ounce; extract of belladona and lard, each two ounces. Mix well together and apply with gentle friction. In a case of long standing a veterinary should be called. In the work, "Diseases of Live Stock," this paragraph appears: After slight attacks of garget, the teats are often obstructed or narrowed. They may be enlarged by inserting a well-oiled quill with a circular leather collar about an inch in diameter. This can be kept in place readily by a piece of sticking plaster, and removed when milking; if worn for a week or two it will relieve the contraction.—[ED.

"Black Leg."

To the Editor of the Blade Farm:

In the FARM of the issue of June 4 you gave a "diagnosis" of the disease called "black leg," by Floyd B. Tellor, M. D., and the opinions of French veterinarians upon the subject. The symptoms of the disease, as given, are in every particular the same as in what we here call blog leg, but not one of the causes to which it was attributed exists here, nor has it been known to be communicated to the cattle from those diseased, much less to other domestic animals, or to man. I have, in a number of instances known one or two of a herd to die of it within inclosures in which the herd was corraled, and the remainder of the herd to be totally exempt from any symptom of the disease. The hides are here taken from the victims of black leg and sold to pelt dealers, and are handled by many persons before they reach the last, and are made up into boots and shoes, and no one is known to have been attacked by this (according to the authorities quoted) "malignant contagion." Black-leg is here confined almost entirely to cattle one year old and under, and beyond question is caused by a suspension of circulation as the result of an overcharging of the blood vessels by surfeiting. Only cattle that become subject to the cause are affected, and swine subjected to the same cause will become similarly affected. Remedy: Avoid surfeiting.—J. B. HANEY, Russell, Russell Co., Kan.

Death in the Mines.

A Steubenville, O., special says that while Hugh Phallis, Michael O'Brien and his son Patrick were working in a coal bank near Rienmond, they heard a crackling noise proceeding from the roof. They immediately started to leave the mine, but only got a short distance when the supports gave way, and the roof fell in on them, instantly killing young O'Brien and Phallis. Michael O'Brien, the father, was caught by the falling debris by the limbs, and held a prisoner for an hour before discovered. He is in a critical condition, and may not recover.

100 Doses One Dollar.

Is inseparably connected with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and is true of no other medicine. It is an unanswerable argument as to strength and economy, while thousands testify to its superior blood-purifying and strengthening qualities. A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses and will last a month, while others will average to last not over a week. Hence, for economy, buy Hood's Sarsaparilla.

News of the Week.

COLORED CONVICTS.

Their Barbarous Treatment by Contractors in South Carolina—Several Beaten to Death.

A special from Columbia, S. C., says reports are renewed of the barbarous treatment of colored convicts at work on the Savannah Valley railroad in that state. Nine of these unfortunates have died recently, it is alleged, from the effects of cruel treatment by contractors employed by the railroad company. A few days ago a squad of eight convicts was returning from work to their camp, when one of the number escaped. The next morning the remaining seven were stripped and beaten unmercifully, and in a short time one of them died from the effects of his whipping.

On another occasion, a convict who saw a fellow-prisoner attempting to file off his shackles, and did not inform on him, was so frightfully whipped that he has not been able to do any work since. Another convict was bound up with wires and beaten until his back was left raw from the neck down, and is now lying in camp in a very critical condition.

It is said that the convicts are all called up at 3 o'clock in the morning, in order to reach their place of work, which is five or six miles away; that they are worked until after dark, and that they do not get back to camp until about 9 o'clock at night. Only one hour for rest is allowed in the day, and that at dinner time.

Seven disabled convicts from the railroad camps arrived at the penitentiary in Columbia Thursday night. They were in a deplorable condition, and were placed in the hospital. By order of the governor, Supt. Lipscomb and Surgeon Pope, of the penitentiary, have gone to the convict camp in Abbeville county, to make an official investigation into the matter, which it is hoped will put an end to this inhumanity, and prevent the hiring out of convicts outside of the penitentiary.

The Wonderful Lake of Mistassini—Islands Ten Miles in Length—"The Cave of the Great Spirit."

John Bignell, late head of the government exploring expedition to lake Mistassini, who has just returned to Quebec, states his son in no way exaggerated the facts in regard to the big lake Mistassini, the great unknown inland sea of northeastern Canada. He says that some of the numerous islands which it contains appear to him to be over ten miles in length, and were found to embrace large lakes in their interior. One result of his observation was to show that the height of the land forming the northern boundary of that province and the situation of both Great and Little Mistassini, as laid down on the maps, is altogether erroneous. The latitude of the Hudson Bay company's post is at least half a degree from that heretofore accepted as correct, and that Little Mistassini, instead of being a mere arm of the big lake, is in reality a distinct sheet of water, 100 to 120 miles long by eight wide.

Among other natural curiosities of the region, Mr. Bignell speaks of an extraordinary cave among the local Indians as the "Cave of the Great Spirit." In it are stored a quantity of the expedition's supplies.

Mr. Bignell reports that the cold of the last winter at Mistassini was intense, marking 56 degrees below zero in December, and 52 on March 27; but he believes that the soil of the region will be found well suited for the growth of hardy cereals. When he started on his return to Quebec, May 28, the ice in the bay was breaking up, but the main body of the lake still held firm.

Cluverius Sentenced to be Hanged.

The Hustings court room at Richmond, Va., was packed with one of the largest crowds seen during the four weeks of the trial of T. J. Cluverius for the murder of Fannie Lillian Madison, while hundreds of people filled the corridors and streets in the immediate vicinity. The cause of this gathering was the expectation that the death sentence would be pronounced on Cluverius, and it had been intimated that he would make some statement. The prisoner was brought into court, and occupied a seat behind the bar with his counsel. He appeared calm and self-possessed. Clerk Lawson told the prisoner to stand up, and propounded the usual question as to whether he had anything to say as to why sentence of death should not be propounded against him. The prisoner, in a low and rather husky voice, addressing the court, said:

"I will say, sir, that you are pronouncing on an innocent man. That is all I have to say, sir."

Judge Atkins proceeded then to pass sentence, briefly but impressively, fixing the time of the execution on November 20 next.

The prisoner stood unmoved, without manifesting the least emotion, and when the judge had concluded, took his seat quietly.

The Question of Railroad Regulation.

Before the United States Senate committee on inter-state commerce at St. Louis, E. H. Allen, president of the Kansas City board of trade, called the attention of the committee to the necessity of making drawbacks illegal. He said that by drawbacks he meant the system under which individual shippers are given a chance to make a profit not open to all. He also directed the committee's attention to the pooling system among railroads, which should be natural competitors. He suggested that the remedy was to compel all roads to make open publication of their rates and provide a penalty whenever they should be found cutting them.

It was developed that the grain rate from Kansas City to St. Louis, 280 miles, was 15 cents, and from St. Louis to New York, 1,000 miles, 17 cents.

George W. Parker, of the Cairo Short line, favored the legalization of pools and described the rebate system as most nefarious; he said the proposition to charge more for a short distance than a long one was bad, and if carried out would end in disaster and bankruptcy. The committee adjourned, and left for Des Moines, Iowa.

The New Commissioner of Agriculture.

The newly-appointed United States commissioner of agriculture, Mr. Norman J. Coleman, who is in Chicago to attend the Nurserymen's convention, in an interview, says the outlook for crops generally is exceedingly good, with the exception of winter wheat, of which there will be but a two-thirds crop. This deficiency would, however, nearly be made up by the production of spring wheat, which, since the introduction of the roller process, makes good, if not better flour than that produced from winter wheat. He had every reason to belive that there would be large crops of corn, oats, barley, and, in fact, all cereals.

Referring to the pleuro-pneumonia among the cattle in Missouri, Mr. Coleman said it had entirely disappeared, although he kept his men there yet to guard against a fresh outbreak.

In speaking of the administration, he said that the President would support him in all its new ventures. He did not consider his department a political one. Appointments would be made with reference to the ability of the appointee. As yet but few changes had been made.

A Count Dies in Poverty.

Hesse, Count Von Alt-Leiningen-Westerburg, who died in New York Monday of diabetes, had been living in poverty in Cincinnati for some time past. He was the representative of one of the oldest and most noted families in Germany. Up to the congress of Vienna in 1815, the family were sovereign princes, and their alliances were only made with sovereign houses. The mother of the Duchess of Kent, who was the mother of Queen Victoria, was a Countess of Alt-Leiningen-Westerburg. The Count had been for some time past working as a porter on the Anzeiger des Westens, and his circumstances were bad. His elder brother, who inherited the family lands and honors, and who lives at Ilbenstadt, in Hesse Darmstadt, has helped him from time to time, but the family in Germany is very poor also. Leiningen sunk his title when he came to America and was a hard-working, honest, courteous gentleman. The long and debilitating illness which ended in his death prevented him from doing as well for himself as he might have done. He was 35 years old, and he leaves a young wife.

Bunker Hill Monument Association.

Bunker Hill day was observed in Boston and vicinity Wednesday by a parade and other commemorative exercises. The annual meeting of the Bunker Hill Monument association was held, and Hon. Chas. Devens was chosen president, in place on Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who declined a re-election. On the suggestion of Gen. Devens the following telegram was sent to Gen. Grant:

"*Resolved*, That the members of the Bunker Hill Monument association have heard with deep emotion of the serious illness of Gen. Grant, whose name is at the head of the roll of honorary members; that they avail themselves of this occasion to renew to him the assurance of the high regard in which they hold his lofty patriotism, his pure and noble fame, and his splendid achievements, and that they earnestly trust he will yet be spared to the country he has so greatly and so faithfully served."

INDIAN POLITICS.

A Lively Campaign in Progress—The Union Platform.

Advices from Indian Territory indicate that Cherokee politics is now at fever heat. The recent convention of the Union party of Delaware district adopted the following platform, upon which a lively campaign is being made:

"We believe in a government of the people and by the people, in opposition to rings and syndicates; favor an honest and economical administration of our government, and that honesty and competency should be the only test in filling positions of public trust; oppose the employment of Phillips as resident agent at Washington, on account of his practices; favor the protection of our rights to the soil as guaranteed to us by patent from the United States, by the removal of all boomers, squatters and intruders, who are here without authority of law, by the United States agent; favor the removal of John L. Tufts, United States agent, because he has utterly and completely failed to protect our rights to the soil by refusing to remove intruders, though repeatedly asked to do so by petitions of our best citizens; oppose the sale of our lands west of the 96th meridian at 47 cents per acre, because said price was arbitrarily set on said lands by the President, without the authority and sanction of law or treaty on our part; favor an effort on our part to obtain a revocation of the illegal sale of those lands entire, and, in the event of failure in this, we ask for a re-valuation of these lands at a minimum price of not less than $1.25 per acre; oppose the leasing out of our lands west of the 96th meridian to cattle syndicates, and favor the present permit law and opposed to its repeal.

Northwest Shippers in Favor of a Federal Commission.

The select committee of the United States Senate on inter-state commerce heard a number of gentlemen in Chicago, representing Milwaukee business interests. Among the number were acting-Pres. Chapin, of the Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce, and Robert Eliot, leading shippers. Both strongly favored a federal commission to regulate abuses and discrimination on the part of railroads. Mr. Chapin cited that in consigning grain through to Boston consignees were invariably presented with extra charges, for which the Milwaukee consignor was compelled to pay. There was no possible excuse for these overcharges, but they had to be paid. A federal commission which could prevent palpable discrimination was something very much to be desired. E. J. Martin, who attends to the transportation business of P. D. Armour & Co., of this city, said there were no serious abuses on staple produce out of Chicago. In regard to special articles the business was confined to one or two roads and here abuses of the pool began. Live hogs were carried to the seaboard at the same tariff rates as provisions. Shippers claimed that this was not equitable, as they had to pay freight on packages and sale equal to 25 per cent. This made Chicago packers at a disadvantage as compared with Boston and Southern packers. He thought there should be some body to which to appeal for redress of grievances outside of railroads.

E. P. Bacon thought that railroad rates in Wisconsin were out of all proportion to through rates. He believed all rebates should be prohibited and that no rates should be secret. He was in favor of the appointment of a federal commission to regulate and establish rates for the public and railway protection. Charles Ray, J. B. Merrill and J. H. Lowry, also of Milwaukee, spoke in much the same strain and produced statistics in support of their arguments. The session in Chicago was concluded Tuesday.

A Monster Ship About Completed.

In the town of Camden, Me., the largest ship but one ever built in the United States is nearly completed. She is 263 feet keel, 285 feet over all, and 45 feet beam, with 28½ feet total depth of hold, 8½ feet of this being between decks. She has two full decks and one spar deck, on top of spar deck twelve feet from the floor. These dimensions indicate that she will measure over 2,600 tons net register, the Great Republic coming first in point of size, being down in the register for 3,356 tons. The latter was 302 feet in length, 48 feet 4 inches beam, 20 feet 2 inches hold, and three decks, and was built by Donald McKay at East Boston in 1853. The Rockport craft has a frame of Virginia white oak, with planking and ceiling of Southern pine, and is very strongly fastened with iron and copper, all the tree-nails being North Carolina locust. This big ship will carry for lower masts spruce from Oregon pine, which will be made up as follows: Main and fore, 90 feet long, 36 inches in diameter; mizzen, 88 feet long, 31 inches diameter; and jigger, 88 feet long, 28 inches diameter. These big sticks were towed down from Boston by a tugboat, and were hauled out of the water by a long string of oxen. The mizzen, main and foremasts will be square rigged, the lower and topsail yards being also of Oregon pine, while the jigger mast will be fore-and-aft rigged. The main top will be sixteen feet across, and there will be room enough up there for pretty nearly the whole ship's company. A good idea of the vessel's size and of the speed of sail she will carry may be had from the fact that it is 185 feet from the deck to the main truck, while her lower yards are about 90 feet long. She will carry one windlass and three capstans—two on the forecastle deck and one amidships. Her anchors will be from Camden Village, where one of over 6,000 pounds weight is already hammered out.

A Pennsylvania Spook.

Several years ago, during the speculative insurance mania, Joseph Reiser, an old man, was found drowned in Indiantown creek, in an isolated portion of Pennsylvania. It was afterwards developed that he had been killed, by his head being held under water, for the money on his life—several hundred thousand dollars. Five of his neighbors were afterwards arrested, convicted, and hanged for killing the old man. The outside world has forgotten the crime and its terrible sequel, but the usually quiet people between Swatara and Indiantown Gaps have now nightly aroused by unearthly screams along the creek, and trust-worthy citizens declare that a strange figure is continually pacing up and down the pathway where the crime was committed. It flies at their approach, and before it disappears shakes its head, points to the quiet waters of the creek, and utters a strange sound like a death rattle. After nightfall the road is very little traveled. Several hundred persons have seen the supposed ghost. Some think it is the spirit of old man Reber, while many others think that it is one of the five who were hanged who was innocent, and who comes back to earth to trouble his persecutors.

Pittsburg Manufacturers Sign the Scale—Others Refuse.

A Pittsburg dispatch of Tuesday night says: The iron strike in this district is at an end. The scale has been signed, and a general resumption of business will follow immediately. Outside of Pittsburg, however, the strike will continue, and the mills of Chicago, Cincinnati, Wheeling, the Mahoning and Shenango valleys will remain idle for an indefinite period. This is the result of to-day's conference. The manufacturers here agree to sign the disputed question of wages to be paid sheet iron men and for working old rails. This agreement was not satisfactory to masters operating the mills west of here, and they withdrew from the conference, avowing that under no circumstance would they grant the demands of the Amalgamated association. The conference was in session continuously from 2 o'clock this afternoon until 10 o'clock to-night. About an hour before the adjournment the Western manufacturers withdrew, and after their departure the Pittsburg mill owners signed the scale. Pending a settlement of the sheet mill and old rail clauses, the manufacturers operating those departments will pay the old scale of wages.

Chicago Rolling Mills to Resume Work.

It was reported that Supt. W. B. Parkes, of the North Chicago Rolling Mill company's works at Bayview, had notified the Scale committee of the local Amalgamated association lodges to meet him in conference to-day. The reported notification was interpreted to mean an adjustment of the local differences, and the impression prevailed in Bayview last night that the fires would be started again, and the huge machinery set in motion next Monday. The repairs at the mills are completed; the men are ready to work, and it only needs the signing of the scale to resume operations. The employes and operators in Bayview have been on good terms during the entire lockout, and no material trouble is expected at to-day's conference, if one is held. It is believed that the wholesale desertions from the manufacturers' agreement in Pittsburg has prompted the North Chicago Co. to decide upon a settlement. This is mere conjecture, however.

A Corner in the Tin Market.

The market is excited by a corner in "Straits" tin in London, where Mr. A. Strauss has gained possession of 5,000 out of the 8,000 tons of that article in the market. There is said to be a large "short" interest in the commodity, and the price of "spot" tin has advanced within a week $45 per ton in London and two cents per pound in New York.

CROP REPORTS.

"Wet Worm" Destroying Whole Fields of Corn in a Day.

A special from Parsons, Kas., says there is now making its appearance in that vicinity a scourge equal to the grasshopper. Large fields of corn, standing on an average of eight inches high, looking fresh and green in the morning, before night become withered and dead. Examination discloses in each hill myriads of worms, ranging from an inch and a quarter down to one-eighths of an inch in length. Apparently they become completely distributed over a field, then commence simultaneously to work, and within a very short time the whole is devastated. Nearly every piece of corn is more or less infested. The eggs from which the worms are hatched are supposed to be deposited by a small yellowish-white miller. The worm is by the farmers termed the wet worm.

The Illinois Corn Crop.

The advance sheets of a report upon the corn crop of Illinois, soon to be issued by the department of agriculture shows that the area planted in corn is much larger than last year, especially in the wheat sections. Insects have damaged the growing corn seriously in many portions of the state, and the cold, dry season has been unfavorable for planting and growth. Corn in the northern division of the state is usually nearly half that of the entire corn area of the state, and in 1884 exceeded 3,000,000 acres. The average condition of the growing crop, June 1, was 84 per cent., against 98 last year there has been an increase of 12 per cent in the corn area of the central division as compared to 1880, when 2,960,000 acres were planted. The condition is 86 per cent., as against 90 last year. The area in Southern Illinois is 14 per cent. larger than last year.

The Kentucky Wheat Crop.

In regard to Kentucky, C. E. Bowman writes: "The wheat crop is in a deplorable condition; the state will scarcely produce 3,000,000 bushels, and may fall below that. The fact is our wheat crop does not deserve to be dignified by being called a crop." The United States agricultural bureau estimated the wheat crop of Kentucky last year at 13,000,000 bushels.

The Virginia Starvation Stories.

The reports of suffering in Virginia appear to be exaggerated. A special from Richmond says that in response to inquiries made by telegraph at all important points in Southwest Virginia, the reports are that while the grain crops are very close, no suffering prevails. A dispatch received there from one of the best informed gentlemen in Wytheville says: "To-day I conversed with a gentleman just from Patrick county. There is nothing bordering on a famine in that section. He saw reliable men from Henry and Carroll. They reported the crops close, but no suffering. Judge Morrison, of Scott, attending the Court of Appeals here, one of the most prominent men in the Ninth congressional district, says wheat and corn are plentiful in Scott and Lee, corn selling at 60 and 75 cents, and flour at two and a half and three cents. At his home he can buy thousands of pounds of flour and thousands of bushels of corn. He has heard of no suffering in adjoining counties. On the railroad provisions are plentiful, and selling low. The prospects for the coming crops are good."

A dispatch received in Richmond from Glade Spring, Washington county, says there is no suffering for want of food in that county. The crop prospects for corn, oats and grass were never finer. The season so far has been all that heart could wish.

A Bribery Case in the Illinois Legislature.

In the House investigating committee, Mr. Collins, chairman of the committee, laid before the committee an affidavit signed by F. H. Tubbs, superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company at Chicago, to the effect that during the month of February of last year he had been called upon at the Leland Hotel in Springfield by Lobbyist Baker, of Logan county, and that the latter offered to kill the telegraph bill for $2,500; that of this sum $500 was to be given Baker for himself, and the remainder for distribution among other parties. The reading of the document occasioned quite a sensation among the committeemen, and a summons was at once sent to Mr. Baker, who soon made his appearance, and, being sworn, said he knew Mr. Tubbs, and had talked with him on several occasions, but he explicitly denied that he had at any time made any proposition to Mr. Tubbs or any one else of the character referred to. The committee adjourned for the day.

Cherokees Object to the Sale of their Lands to the Whites.

The platform adopted at the convention of the Downie faction of the Cherokee nation, strongly protests against the establishment of any kind of United States Territorial government over the Cherokee people and against the sale of any Cherokee land for white settlement, and declaring that if it be found true that the Cherokees owe the government $334,000, or any other sum, it should be paid in money and not in land. The platform denies hostility to the whites and insists on proof of this assertion to the frequent intermarriage with the whites and the employment of them in business affairs, but it is declared that the sale of lands would be the forerunner of the downfall of the Cherokee nation. A similar platform was recently adopted by the Unionist faction. The two parties comprise two-thirds of the nation.

Illinois to Have a New Election Law.

The Citizens' association election bill was read a third time and passed without debate, by a vote of 78 to 54. The bill becomes a law if signed by the governor, of which there now appears to be no doubt. The law can be adopted by any incorporated town if approved, by a popular vote. The law provides that the county court shall superintend all elections; election precincts shall not contain more than 300 voters; no man can vote who is not upon the registry; a canvass is to be made of each precinct by the official canvassers prior to each election; triplicate returns and duplicate tallies are to be returned; the polls are to close at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The bill provides penalties for all infractions of law. The bill was framed largely upon precedents of the Massachusetts, New York and California laws.

A "Find" of $75,000 in Gold and Silver.

A story is published in Cincinnati of the finding of $75,000 in gold and silver coin hidden in the walls and ceilings of a four-story building, 133 Court street, by Louis Schertz, who who occupied the place for years in the liquor business. He died recently and left to his brother a memorandum showing in what places money would be found, but did not indicate the amount. As the deceased had always appeared to be a poor man, and lodged in the store room, the finding of this large sum of money was a surprise. It is said he left valuable secrets in whisky compounding, rectifying, and plans for the construction of distilleries.

A Judge Attacked in the Court Room—Officers Draw Their Revolvers.

F. Whitney and C. Daniels, convicted burglars, were arraigned in the Criminal court at Indianapolis. Judge Norton asked Whitney if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced. The prisoner sprang to his feet, abused the court with a volley of profanity, and then, tearing away from the bailiff, hurled a pair of handcuffs at the judge. The missile passed over the judge's head, shattering a heavy plate glass. Whitney turned fiercely upon the police, and had to be soundly beaten before he was subdued. His friends in the court room pressed into the prisoner's box, and the officers were finally compelled to draw their revolvers. The two men were hand-cuffed and taken to the Michigan City prison.

A Significant Growl Over the Salisbury Ministry.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has an editorial article, believed to be inspired by M. Lessar, of the Russian section of the Afghan boundary commission, and is couched in angry terms. It says that unless the Marquis of Salisbury wishes to deepen the conviction of Russia that his ministry is a menace of war, he will cancel the appointment of Lord Randolph Churchill as secretary of state for India. "Russia," continues the article, "already regards the Salisbury cabinet with such suspicion that any sudden hitch may cause such a rupture of negotiations now in progress as will result in war."

Mayor Harrison's Ideas About Civil Service Reform.

Every employe of the Chicago city government has been requested by Mayor Harrison, through the various heads of the departments, to hand in a written resignation. Similar action was taken in one or two departments recently, but now the order has been made general. No special reason is assigned, except Mr. Harrison's belief that the mayor should be free if he chose upon assuming office to appoint such subordinates as may meet his views. The general handing in of resignations does not necessarily imply that all or any of the employes will be removed.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Mineral Resources of the United States.

The second report on "The Mineral Resources of the United States," by Albert Williams, jr., Chief of the Division of Mining Statistics and Technology, United States Geological Survey, is now in press and will be issued shortly. This report is for the calendar years 1883 and 1884, and contains detailed statistics for these periods, and also for preceding years, together with much descriptive and technical matter. The tables given below will prove of general interest:

METALLIC PRODUCTS OF THE U. S. IN 1884.

	Quantity.	Value.
Pig iron, long tons, spot value	4,097,868	$73,761,624
Silver, troy ounces, coining value	37,744,605	48,800,000
Gold, troy ounces, coining value	1,489,949	30,800,000
Copper, pounds, value at New York City	145,221,934	17,789,687
Lead, short tons, value at New York City	139,897	10,537,042
Zinc, short tons, value at New York City	88,544	3,422,707
Quicksilver, flasks, value at San Francisco	31,913	936,327
Nickel, pounds, value at Philadelphia

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Great Britain.

THE QUEEN AND THE O. O. M.

The queen has offered Mr. Gladstone an earldom in recognition of his services to the country. Mr. Gladstone asked that he be allowed to forego the honor.

THE NEW CABINET FORMED.

As a result of the Queen's efforts the Marquis of Salisbury has resolved to accept. Mr. Gladstone promises to use his influence with the Liberals to prevent factious opposition. Following is an authentic list of the new cabinet:

Prime Minister and Secretary for Foreign Affairs—The Marquis of Salisbury.

First Lord of the Treasury—Sir Stafford Northcote.

Chancellor of the Exchequer—Sir Michael E. Hicks-Beach.

Lord High Chancellor—Sir Harding Gifford.

Lord President of the Council—Viscount Cranbrook.

Lord of the Privy Seal—The Earl of Harrowby.

Secretary for the Home Department—Sir Richard Assheton Cross.

Secretary for War—Right Hon. Wm. Henry Smith.

Secretary of State for India—Lord Randolph Churchill.

First lord of the admiralty—Lord George Hamilton.

President of the local government board—Arthur James Balfour.

President of the board of trade—The Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

Vice-President of the council—Hon. Edward Stanhope.

Lord Lieutenant of Ireland—The Earl of Carnarvon.

Lord Chancellor of Ireland—Right Hon. Edward Gibson.

The crisis in political affairs is believed to have been passed, and most probably today all differences between the Conservatives and Liberals will be arranged, and the Conservatives will form a new cabinet. It is said that some technical points only yet remain to be settled in principle, it is claimed Mr. Gladstone has not departed from the lines originally adopted by him, but he has made fuller concessions to the Conservatives than were hoped for.

It is reported in London that Baron Von Staal, the Russian ambassador, has been instructed by his government to maintain an attitude of reserve towards the government of the Marquis of Salisbury. Baron Von Staal is also instructed, according to the same reports, to insist that Zulfikar Pass ought to belong to Russia in order to resist any advance Afghanistan may propose to make into Russian territory. He reserves, however, full liberty of action in regard to any new measures of moment that may be be introduced in Parliament. At the same time he undertakes to assist the new government in completing the ordinary business of the session.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF IRELAND.

The *United Ireland* is of the opinion that the advent of the Conservatives to power will be for the benefit of Ireland. "They are likely," it says, "to grant the country more of self-government than the Whigs."

THE COLLIERY HORROR.

It is now known that 140 persons were killed by the explosion in the Pendlebury colliery, near Manchester, Lancashire. The mine is filled with debris, and so far only 55 bodies have been recovered.

GOOD CAUSE FOR WAR.

The London *Times* says it is the part of British officers who crossed the Russo-Persian frontier recently while traveling, and were arrested by the Russians and carried to Askabad, was a clerk in the office of the British consul at Reshd. At the time of the arrest the clerk was the bearer of a note, couched in most friendly terms, from the consul at Reshd to the Russian commander at Askabad. The consul had been on a visit to the camp of the British frontier commission, and had had the misfortune to lose a mule near Sarakhs. He sent the clerk to the Russian commander there asking for help to capture his mule. The officer did not reply to the consul's note, and sent the clerk a prisoner to Askabad.

REDUCING WAGES.

A dispatch from Stafford says that an order has been issued to reduce the wages of nail makers, and a strike is threatened. The strike is threatened against this reduction of wages, and should a strike occur it will involve fully 10,000 persons.

Afghanistan.

THE WAR CLOUD GATHERING.

The St. Petersburg *Novoste* publishes the following statement: "The Ameer of Cabul has massed nearly all his troops in Afghan-Turkistan, under his command. One detachment of the Ameer's troops is armed with 3,000 rifles and fifteen field guns, which were presented by the Indian government. This action threatens communications between Russian troops and outposts, and endangers the Russian troops should they move towards the Oxus river."

Germany.

HIS TURN NEXT.

Field Marshal Baron von Mantueffel, the distinguished German commander and governor of Alsace-Lorraine, died suddenly at Carlsbad, of pulmonary congestion. He was born in 1809. Emperor William was completely prostrated when he heard of the death, and said in a mournful way, "All my friends are dying."

Austria.

LABOR RIOT IN AUSTRIA.

A labor riot of grave proportions took place in Brunn, Austria. The trouble has been brewing for some time, and grew out of differences between the men and factory owners about the hours of labor. As a settlement of the differences couldn't be amicably arrived at, the men struck, and Tuesday evening great crowds of people gathered about several factories, and violently assailed them with stones and other missiles. Windows were demolished, gates were forced, and the excited people surged in upon the factory grounds. The military were called out and succeeded by midnight in dispersing the crowds and restoring order. In the conflicts between soldiers and the rioters, two officers, six privates, and many of the rioters were wounded. A renewal of the disturbance is feared.

LABOR STRIKES IN AUSTRIA.

The strike of workmen to compel a decrease in the number of their hours of labor is spreading. Factories are closing daily, owing to the hands joining the strikers. The men say they will insist upon their ultimatum, delivered to the employers, that ten hours shall constitute a day's work. The military are under arms at Brunn, and will prevent a renewal of the rioting of the other night, when factories were wrecked and several of the soldiers and numbers of the people were badly injured.

AN ACT OF VANDALISM.

The principal authorities of Vienna, failing to obtain an offer from the government to buy the town hall for use as a public office, have decided to demolish that structure. It was erected in the 15th century, and the press condemn its destruction as an act of vandalism.

Italy.

Owing to the closeness of the vote in the Italian Chamber of Deputies on the foreign estimates, Signor Mancini, foreign minister, declared his intention of resigning. The other ministers have also decided to tender their resignations.

THE CRISIS IN ITALY.

Gen. Cialdini has refused to form a new ministry. It is now regarded that Signor Depretis, late prime minister, will return the old cabinet, introducing some new material.

In the municipal elections at Rome, 22 Liberals and 3 clericals were chosen.

France.

The committee of the Chamber of Deputies, to whom the matter was referred for investigation, has reported favorably upon the proposal to allow a credit of $2,400,000 to the war department to defray the expenses of dispatching 3,000 men to reinforce the French army at present operating in Madagascar.

FRANCE AND CHINA.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, M. De Freycin t, minister of foreign affairs, submitted the draft of the Franco-Chinese treaty, which definitely confirms the right of France over Annam. The latter country must henceforth treat with foreign powers only through France. The treaty fixes the boundary lines between China and French dependencies, and determines the conditions upon which commercial relations between France and China are to be maintained. It intimates that it is the intention of China to build railways, with the assistance of French engineers, in order to facilitate communication.

France undertakes to pacify Tonquin and expel the bands of marauders infesting the country, and will respect Chinese territory. Both countries agree to extradite offenders. China will respect treaties between France and Annam. The Franco-Chinese commissioners are to delimit the boundaries within six months. Passports will be required to cross the Chinese frontier. Chinese and French traders will be allowed to import and export goods across the frontier at certain points which will be fixed later, one above Lookai and the other beyond Langson, where French merchants will be allowed to establish themselves under the same conditions and with the same advantages as at Chinese treaty ports.

A Chinese custom house will be opened at each of the above points, where France will be entitled to appoint consuls. China will be allowed to appoint consuls for the principal towns in Tonquin. Commissioners will be appointed within three months to frame special regulations for the commerce between China and Tonquin, on the basis of lower duties on French merchandise crossing the frontier than are charged by the present Chinese foreign tariff. France will construct roads and railways in Tonquin in order to develop commerce, and it is understood that when China constructs railways she will obtain the necessary staff of officials and workmen and plant from France. The French will cease to search vessels on the high seas, and will entirely evacuate Formosa and the Pescadores a month after the treaty has been signed. The chamber voted urgency for the discussion of the treaty.

The Cholera.

CHOLERA IN SPAIN.

In Castello de La Plana there were 58 new cases of cholera and 28 deaths; in the city of Valencia seventeen new cases and seven deaths were reported, while the province of Valencia had a total of 146 new cases and 88 deaths. The city of Murcia, 88 new cases and 41 deaths. In the Province of Murcia, new cases, 171, and deaths 74. In Aralnez, a town of New Castile, 28 miles from Madrid, there was one case of cholera Wednesday.

Three of the four commissioners appointed to investigate the subject, report that inoculation with cholera virus is so harmless that they advise that it be permitted, on the ground that it will tend to prevent a panic.

There were 632 new cases of cholera and 151 deaths reported in the cities of Murcia, Valencia and Castellon De De Plana during the 24 hours ending at midnight last night. At Madrid there was one new case and six deaths.

A RIOT IN MADRID.

King Alfonso having determined to visit the cholera-infected districts, although the ministry threatened to resign, immense crowds gathered on the streets Saturday and made a demonstration in favor of the king and queen as against the ministry and the municipal authorities. The crowds becoming riotous, the civil guard was called out and fired upon the mob, who thereupon stoned the soldiers. Disorder continued throughout the night, with slight abatement, but the crowd was finally dispersed Sunday. It is reported that two workmen were shot dead and several were wounded. The king, after consulting with the ministers, finally decided to abandon the projected tour, and the ministry was reinstated.

THE CHOLERA.

Three new cases of cholera and one death were reported in Madrid Sunday. Saturday's returns from the infected districts are as follows: Madrid, 3 new cases and 4 deaths; Valencia City, 22 new cases and 10 deaths; Valencia provinces, outside of the city, 24 new cases and 11 deaths; Castleton De La Plana City, 6 new cases and 4 deaths; province outside of the city, 103 new cases and 39 deaths; Murcia City, 95 new cases and 39 deaths; adjacent towns, 142 new cases and 52 deaths; in the remainder of the province, 85 new cases and 40 deaths.

Canada.

BOGUS LAND PATENTS.

In connection with the Northwest trouble, it has come out at Ottawa that an official of the department of the interior, named Robert Lang, who was some time ago sent up to the Northwest by the government to adjust certain land claims, has been issuing bogus land patents to settlers in the Northwest, and pocketing the money. An investigation is now going on, but as yet it is impossible to know the extent to which the unfortunate settlers have been victimized by Lang. Lang, it is thought, must have had taken deceived in his fraudulent operations, left for the United States. It is believed that Lang was not alone in the land patent swindle, and that several prominent individuals will shortly be shown to have been associated with him.

AFTER BIG BEAR.

Scout Eerd says: On Sunday Otter came upon Big Bear's camp only two days old and found a hair brush with McLean's name on it. He believes the enemy are going towards Green Lake. Gen. Middleton has therefore gone on a wild goose chase.

THE SCOTT ACT IN CANADA.

In the House of Commons at Ottawa, the following amendments made by the Senate to the Scott act were agreed to: Empowering police to search liquors for medical purposes; authorizing druggists to sell patent medicines and other preparations containing alcohol; authorizing druggists to prescribe eight ounces of liquor at one time. An amendment that physicians and druggists dispensing liquors be obliged to register for all sales and make annual returns was defeated. These clauses were carried. The cause imposing penalties upon physicians and druggists for violation of the act, which had been stricken out of the bill by the Senate, was restored. The amendment authorizing the sale of beer, ale and light wines in counties where the Scott act has been adopted was defeated.

RIEL'S REBEL PAPERS.

The Canadian government is having all of Riel's papers and letters which were captured in the rebellion collated, so as to be ready for Deputy Minister of Justice Burbydge, who leaves Ottawa for Regina tonight. Many of them are in French, and include valuable evidence which will be used in the prosecution of the rebel leader. Among the most interesting documents, are the minutes of the meetings of his provisional cabinet or council. The copying has been going on in the hands of trusted officers of the government, so that the strictest secrecy as to the character of the papers may be insured.

OUR "WARDS" IN CANADA.

Advices from the northwest frontier state that the United States Indians, the Gros Ventres, who had crossed over to take a hand in the rebellion with Poundmaker and Big Bear, have been driven across the line by Stewart's scouts. They are still hanging about the border, and may yet give trouble after the troops are withdrawn. It is believed that a large number of Canadian Assiniboine Indians have gone south with the Gross Ventres. It is the intention of the government to station 500 mounted police along the frontier in the future, to prevent cattle raiders, who have been so successful in their operations during the past year, from crossing over from Montana.

Notes.

The Emperor William has arrived at Ems. He is in the enjoyment of excellent health.

The French Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 296 to 120, has refused to exempt priests from service in the army reserves.

As a result of the recent earthquakes in Cashmere, 3,081 persons lost their lives, 70,000 houses were laid in ruins, and 30,000 animals perished.

The London *Standard* hears that Mr. Parnell and several followers will visit America in the autumn, to raise funds for the political campaign.

Reports are in circulation that the sultan of Morocco has claimed French protection. Under what circumstances the claim was made is not yet known.

As a result of the recent earthquakes in Cashmere, 3,081 persons lost their lives, 70,000 houses were laid in ruins, and 33,000 animals perished. An officer has been sent to survey the scene of the shocks.

The traffic of the Suez canal is now fully resumed. The interruption of the mails by the sinking of the great dredges was not as serious as was thought. Seven mail boats succeeded in passing around the obstruction.

Official information has just been received to the effect that the French dispatch boat Renard, recently reported lost in the Indian ocean, foundered in a cyclone, and the whole of the crew, numbering 127 souls, were drowned.

Spain, it is claimed, has "sounded" England in regard to the steps proper to be taken to protect the interests both of Spain and Portugal against the intrigues of France in Morocco. A French cruiser has been dispatched to Tangier to bring to Paris an English spy in Morocco.

The native African prince, Allagogha, of the Brass river territory, Upper Guinea, while trading at a native village, was shot at and wounded in the shoulders by a native, who escaped. The prince took nine villagers as hostages, and failing to produce the would-be assassin he had them cooked and eaten. Missionaries say the prince professed to be a Christian.

In reply to the manifesto by Cardinal Pitra supporting the intransigeant Catholic press in various countries in stating that the church is going to wreck and ruin under the present Pope's direction as compared with that of the former, Pope Leo has written to Cardinal Guibert, strongly asserting his right to enforce uncompromising obedience to the reigning pontiff. The letter has created a sensation. Cardinal Pitra has written to the Pope a humble submissive apology. The liberal press receives the Pope's letter most favorably.

Sen. Sabin Dying.

A Stillwater, Minn., special says that United States Senator Sabin is dangerously ill at his home, and that his attending physicians fear he may not recover.

A Cold Wave in Michigan.

A special from Traverse City reports a cold wave, with snow, in Grand Traverse county.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Appointments.

The President has appointed the following named Presidential postmasters: J. W. McMaster, at Marshalburst, Copiah county, Miss.; William N. Carter, at Veroqua, Wis.; Thomas R. McDearman, at Danville, Va.; James J. Oakes, at Southbridge, Mass.; Frank T. Lynch, at Leavenworth, Kan.; George W. Sembler, at City Island, N. Y.; John Hayes Paige, at Schnectady, N. Y.; Samuel T. Bassett, at Richmond, Mo.

The President has appointed the following Presidential postmasters: Benjamin P. Brown, at Franklin, Ind.; Frank M. Field, at Spencer, Ind.; Adam Ferguson, at North Platte, Neb.; Joseph H. Shelly, at Princeton, Mo.; Howell Taturn, at Belton, Tex.

Edward H. Strobel, of New York, to be secretary of the legation to Spain. To be third lieutenants in the revenue marine service—Johnstone H. Quinan, Kirkland W. Perry, Charles A. Barues, and Byron L. Reed.

P. S. Wilson, to be assayer of the mint at Denver, Col.; Wm. W. Allen, of Alabama, to be United States marshal for the middle and southern districts of Alabama; Wm. H. Denson, of Alabama, to be United States attorney for the northern and middle district of Alabama; Mark D. Wilbey, of New York, to be United States attorney for the eastern district of New York.

Postmasters' Salaries.

The second annual adjustment of postmasters' salaries under the act of March 3, 1884, and the first on the basis of the two-cent rate of postage for the four quarters, has just been completed. The first adjustment was made to take effect on October 1, 1883, simultaneously with the reduction of postage, and the first annual adjustment on July 1, 1884, was on the basis of the gross receipts of the respective offices for six months at the three-cent rate, and six months at the two-cent rate. Under the terms of the law now in force, the adjustments are to be annually instead of bi-annually as heretofore. Under the adjustment just completed the salaries of the postmasters of the larger cities of the country, based on the gross receipts, will be as follows: San Francisco, $5,000; Chicago, $6,000; Indianapolis, $3,500; Des Moines, $3,300; New Orleans, $3,700; Baltimore, $5,000; Boston, $6,000; Detroit, $3,700; St. Louis, $6,000; Buffalo, $3,800; Rochester, N. Y., $3,000; Cleveland, $3,700; Columbus, O., $3,400; Philadelphia, $6,000; Milwaukee, $3,600. All no change. Cincinnati, $5,400, a decrease of $1,000. Cincinnati is the only office showing any considerable change in compensation, and the reduction of $1,000 in salary in this office was caused by a slight falling off in receipts that served to reduce them below $60,000 and this reduced the salary from $6,000 to $5,000. The aggregate annual salaries of all presidential postmasters for the next fiscal year will be $3,627,000.

Internal Revenue Collections.

The collections of internal revenue during the first eleven months of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1885, as compared with the collections during the same period of last year were as follows:

From spirits	$63,067,514
Decrease	8,456,309
From tobacco	24,097,052
Increase	58,130
From fermented liquors	16,273,486
Increase	1,000,000
From banks, bankers, etc	25,000
Increase	25,000
From miscellaneous	234,112
Decrease	30,352

Aggregate receipts, $103,697,164, being a decrease of $8,852,478. The total receipts for the month of May, 1885, were $1,582,529 less than during the same month of the previous year.

Why They Were Bounced.

The postmaster at Hazlehurst, Miss., was suspended because having been asked to resign for reasons affecting the public welfare not known to the department at the time of his appointment, he declined compliance. The postmasters at Danville, Va., and Viroqua, Wis., were suspended for partisanship, and the postmasters at Le Roy, Kan., Ks., and South Bridge, Mass., suspended because of the unsatisfactory manner in which their offices were conducted. Charges of partizanship were also preferred against them.

More Federal Offices.

The appropriation bill for the next fiscal year makes provision for a new assistant secretary of the interior, as follows: "For an additional assistant secretary of the interior, who shall be known and designated as first assistant secretary of the interior, the sum of $4,500."

Sec. Lamar stated to a reporter that in view of the language it would be necessary to reappoint Mr. Muldrow, in order to make him the first assistant secretary, and, added the secartary, he will be reappointed.

Death of Judge Bartley.

Judge Thomas W. Bartley died at 8 o'clock Saturday evening at his residence in this city. He has long been a prominent Democratic politician and has been lieutenant governor, acting governor, and chief justice of the state of Ohio. He practiced law here from 1877 to 1881, when he devoted himself to publishing and editing a weekly Democratic paper. He was a brother-in-law of Gen. and Sen. Sherman.

"Offensive Partisanship."

Postmaster General Vilas' letter in regard to creating vacancies by filing evidences of offensive partisanship is bearing such fruit as might be expected. From all parts of the country the most outrageous charges are pouring in, not only on the post-office department, but upon all the others. The new method of securing vacancies has already assumed the proportions and unpleasant elements of an affliction. The difficulty is to decide whether charges sent are just or unjust.

Republicans admit the power of removal, and expect it to be used as the result of the change of administration, but they feel that no administration has the right to encourage partisans to blacken private character with secret and false charges, and enable them to secure removals by this despicable form of attack.

Grasshoppers Ravaging California.

California is suffering considerably from the ravages of the grasshoppers, and specimens of the insect have been sent from several parts of the state to Prof. Riley. He finds them to be the *Melanoplus devastator* and the *Caloptenus differentialis*. The last named is common to all parts of the land, and seldom proves very destructive, while the other is peculiar to the Pacific slope and is probably doing the present work of destruction. He recommends the use of coal oil pans, found so useful against the Eastern species, and further refers the California farmers to the remedies described in the reports of the Entomological Commission as the best yet discovered.

Indian Outbreak.

The war department has received reports from Fort Reno, I. T., to the effect that great excitement prevails at that place over a threatened Indian outbreak by the Cheyennes. The Indians known as the southern Cheyennes are making preparations to go on the warpath. Troops have been dispatched to quell disturbances. A few days since troops were sent to quiet a local disturbance among these same Indians. War department officials are not informed as to the cause of the threatened outbreak. If these Indians go on the warpath there will be great difficulty in quieting them. The Cheyennes are reported as being as troublesome Indians as are the Apaches. The country, however, in which the former lives would be more advantageous to the soldiers pursuing them than is the rough, rocky country in which the latter are being followed.

Gen. Auger has ordered four companies of the Fifth cavalry to go to the scene of the disturbance, in addition to the companies previously sent to Reno.

Pension Statistics.

During the week which ended June 20 the board of review of the pension office has sent to the certificate division for the issue of certificates of pension 887 original and 997 increase claims. There have been rejected 965 claims, and 531 have been sent back to the adjudicating divisions of the office for further evidence, making a total of 3,380 cases disposed of. The number for the week which ended June 13 was 3,303, and for the week which ended June 6 was 2,782. About 50 per cent. of the increase claims acted on by the pension office for the month which ended June 15, were rejected, and this is about the average per cent. of such claims rejected. It frequently happens that a pensioner who applies for an increase is found not to be entitled to as high a rate as he is receiving and his application for increase results in a reduction of his rate of pension per month.

Roscoe Conkling.

Hon. Roscoe Conkling, on the evening before his departure for Europe, said to a friend in New York who has just arrived in this city: "I was not at any time or in any way invited to take part in the last campaign for the Republican party in this state or out of it, and you know a man can't very conscientiously dine with friends until he has first received an invitation. I see, also, I am credited with having an acquaintance with Mrs. Cleveland and influence with his administration. You can say for me that this is wholly untrue. I never saw Mr. Cleveland in my life."

Falling off in Revenues.

The fiscal year ends June 30, and according to the receipts from internal revenue, customs and miscellaneous sources, the falling off in the estimates for the year will be about $10,000,000—$2,000,000 in the internal revenue, $4,000,000 in customs, and $4,000,000 in the miscellaneous.

The expenditures have been greater for pensions and deficiencies than was anticipated, so that the surplus for the fiscal year will probably be between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 less than was calculated by Sec. McCulloch in his report to Congress last year, leaving the surplus at about $20,000,000 instead of $39,000,000.

Notes.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ended June 20, was $464,987; the issue for the corresponding period of last year was $336,996.

The war department has received reports from Fort Reno, I. T, dated the 20th inst., to the effect that great excitement prevails at that place over a threatened Indian outbreak by the Cheyennes. The Indians known as the southern Cheyennes are making preparations to go on the warpath. Troops have been dispatched to quell disturbances. A few days since troops were sent to quiet a local disturbance among these same Indians. War department officials are not informed as to the cause of the threatened outbreak. If these Indians go on the warpath there will be great difficulty in quieting them. The Cheyennes are reported as being as troublesome Indians as are the Apaches. The country, however, in which the former lives would be more advantageous to the soldiers pursuing them than is the rough, rocky country in which the latter are being followed.

Gen. Auger has ordered four companies of the Fifth cavalry to go to the scene of the disturbance, in addition to the companies previously sent to Reno.

Pension Statistics.

During the week which ended June 20 the board of review of the pension office has sent to the certificate division for the issue of certificates of pension 887 original and 997 increase claims. There have been rejected 965 claims, and 531 have been sent back to the adjudicating divisions of the office for further evidence, making a total of 3,380 cases disposed of. The number for the week which ended June 13 was 3,303, and for the week which ended June 6 was 2,782. About 50 per cent. of the increase claims acted on by the pension office for the month which ended June 15, were rejected, and this is about the average per cent. of such claims rejected. It frequently happens that a pensioner who applies for an increase is found not to be entitled to as high a rate as he is receiving and his application for increase results in a reduction of his rate of pension per month.

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The expenditures have been greater for

GENERAL GRANT.

His Physicians Say that He Would Have Been a Dead Man Had He Remained in New York Another Week.

One week ago to-day Gen. Grant was quartered at the Drexel cottage, and speaking of that trip, Dr. Newman remarks that only one man ever went up on a mountain to die. That was Moses—but Dr. Newman don't believe this mountain trip will result that way. He holds to the hope that Gen. Grant may recover. Having been there a week, in which time the good results of the change might fairly be expected, Dr. Douglas was this morning asked to make a comparison of the general's condition now and on the day he started from New York. "Gen. Grant could not have lived in New York until this time with the weather such as when he left," said the doctor. "He was sinking very rapidly there, and that was why we had to hasten the time of leaving, which was originally fixed for to-day. In making a comparison of the general's condition a week ago and now, there is a central fact that must always be considered—a fact that pains me deep y, and all the time, and that is that we must stand by and watch the course of this illness with the consciousness of being unable to stay it. Starting from that fact, the incidents of daily change may be noted. You ask me if Gen. Grant coughs as much now as then. I cannot tell that definitely. Some times in taking food he coughs, and it might be thought it was from other causes. Is he stronger? To that I would say that he might this morning walk back and forth on the piazza with less fatigue than would have resulted one week ago. The air is cool, and the change has benefited him greatly, made him more comfortable the past week than he would have been without the change. The local conditions, the area of exterior swelling, is certainly less than when he reached here last Tuesday, and the afflicted parts inside are no worse. I cannot say his spirits or courage are less than a week ago. In short, the general has been benefited as much as could have been expected by any change, and to-day he is stronger than when he came here."

Last night was a cold one on the mountain. At midnight the mercury was down to 48°, and it marked 44° at 6 this morning. Although not called, Dr. Douglas several times through the night went to the sick room to assure himself that the patient was not exposed and contracting cold.

Between 5 and 6 the doctor treated the general's throat, after which he spoke to the physician in quite a clear voice and said: "I have had a good night; I slept well, and feel rested now." He gained some sleep between that time and 9 o'clock, when his throat was again attended to and food was given.

G. A. R. ENCAMPMENT.

Some Trouble Over the Liquor Question—An Immense Crowd in Attendance—Honors to Logan and Slocum.

The "Law and Order League" has issued circulars stating that all liquors consigned to members of the Grand Army will be promptly seized. A proposition made by the same committee, that all consignments to members of the Grand Army be seized and taken to police headquarters, and if, after inspection by Commander-in-Chief Kountz, they be found to contain any liquor, that they be not forwarded to the consignees, met with instant opposition, and the fact of such a proposition having been made has caused something of a rebellious spirit to arise, and the visitors openly declared their intention to resist any such arbitrary action should it be attempted. It is not denied that there are quantities of liquor now enroute consigned to members of the Grand Army, and prominent officers of the organization declare that they intend to take and keep possession of their consignments. The discussion of this subject recently by the temperance leaders has caused it to take a place of paramount interest on all sides.

The executive committee is likely to be put to a severe test by the demands made upon it. The Iowa delegates telegraphed for 500 additional quarters, and numerous other requests of a similar nature have been made. Several trains arrived bringing additional delegates, and the camp has begun to assume an appearance of military activity.

The Minnesota, Dakota and Wisconsin contingents have arrived.

Gen. Rosecrans has telegraphed that he cannot be present.

A great deal is heard on all sides in regard to the liquor question. The Associated Press is in receipt of the following telegram, dated Newport, Vt., which seems to have been inspired by the circular issued by the temperance leaders:

"Two thousand comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic have read the dispatches regarding the appointment of special police to care for the lives and property of the people of Portland. We call your attention to the fact that in times past we were the police of the nation, and twenty years have not diminished our respect for law and order. We come unarmed and on a peaceful mission, as your guests, and respectfully ask permission to enter your city unmolested by special investigating committees.

[Signed] Departments of Ohio, Tennessee, Georgia, Illinois, Wisconsin, Kansas, Iowa, Colorado, Minnesota, Oregon, Dakota, Missouri, Nebraska and Michigan."

The peculiar wording of the circulars sent out by the advocates of temperance seems to have had the effect of creating no small degree of resentment on the part of visitors from other states, and many of them claim that to issue such circulars to a body of men so old in the service, and in distinguished honors as that of the G. A. R. is scarcely less than an insult.

The welcome to Commander Kountz will be delivered by Gen. J. A. Hall, department commander of Maine, followed by an address of welcome by Gov. Robie on behalf of the state, and a similar address by Mayor Deering on behalf of the city of Portland.

Commander Kountz will respond for the G. A. R., and there will be brief addresses by Gen. Logan, Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, Gov. Alger and other distinguished visitors.

Gen. Logan and a delegation of the Grand Army from Washington arrived from Boston Monday evening. Much enthusiasm was created by the reception tendered Gen. Logan on the dock. Mrs. Logan, who accompanied the general, came in for her share of warm greeting.

The second day of the National encampment of the G. A. R. is as beautiful a day as could be desired for the great procession. The streets through which the parade was to pass were crowded with people, and gay with bunting. At 11 o'clock the signal gun for starting the procession was fired, and the great line moved forward without confusion.

Not until the procession had passed a given point was it made apparent how great is the number of Grand Army men now in Portland. It had been calculated that it would require two hours for the procession to pass, but instead of that it took more than three hours. The most careful estimates of the number of men in the line place the figures at 25,000.

Of this number 20,000 wore the uniforms of the Grand Army of the Republic. It appears that some of the commanders in several of the departments had been overlooked in the instructions as to the position in the parade, and those who were neglected, after wandering about for a time, and finding no place assigned for them, gave up the idea of joining in the procession and took favorable positions for watching the marching of their comrades. Entire posts of many of the departments, including a number from the west, and even an ele department of Maine, did not participate in the parade, and because of this neglect it is calculated that more than 5,000 members of posts did not appear.

Twenty-two hundred tents have been pitched, with capacity for accommodating about 13,000 men. Instead of six, it has been found necessary in some cases to put ten men in a tent, as the trade could not be foreseen by the committee, and they disclaim any responsibility. Commander-in-chief Kountz was greeted with generous applause from all sides, as was also Gen. Logan, who rode in a carriage.

Suicide of an Old Soldier.

Gen. Steger, aged 60, a Hungarian by birth, formerly a companion of Kossuth, ex-captain of the 24 Illinois artillery, and lately an engineer on the United States Mississippi River commission, committed suicide at Memphis by taking about 30 grains of cyanide of potash. Despondency, resulting from lack of employment, is the only attributable cause.

The Calhoun Monument.

The Calhoun Monument association has decided to erect a monument to John C. Calhoun in Marion square, on Calhoun street, Charleston. The monument is now being executed by A. E. Harinsch, the sculptor in Rome, and will be about 60 feet high with base and curb.

Grant's Brother-in-Law Bounced.

Geo. W. Dent, of San Francisco, a brother-in-law of Gen. Grant, has received a letter from Pres. Cleveland, notifying him of his suspension from the office of Appraiser of the Custom House in that city. Thomas Beck, recently appointed, becomes his successor.

CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

Pres. White, of Cornell university, presented his resignation to the board of trustees Wednesday.

A boy by the name of Wallace Laget, while bathing at the point near the canal, Louisville, was drowned.

The new minister to Turkey, S. S. Cox, sailed Saturday for Europe, in the steamer Gallia, accompanied by his wife.

Work is suspended in nearly every coal mine in the first and second Pittsburg pools and a general shut down is expected on account of dull trade and overstocked markets.

Another instance of the serious results of the mind-cure is the insanity of Mrs. Orlando Dickerman, wife of a prominent farmer, near Rockford, Ill., who went to a specialist for mind-cure treatment.

During the year 1884, 8,825 insurance policies were written in Illinois by life and accident companies, the risks aggregating $22,453,389. The amount paid in premiums was $4,238,421; losses paid, $1,516,990.

John Hoffman, arrested at New Albany, Ind., confessed to having attempted to poison his father, mother, sister and two guests, with "rough on rats" in coffee, alleging as a cause his unrequited love for one of the guests.

Judge Gardner, in the superior court, has granted a preliminary injunction to prevent Sunday racing on the West Side driving park, Chicago. This is the result of an individual effort on the part of residents of the West division protesting against Sunday sports.

The business failures occuring throughout the country during the last seven days, as reported to R. G. Dun & Co., number for the United States 194, and for Canada 32, as against a total of 207 last week, and 223 the week previous to the last. The failures in New York city are very light and unimportant, and there is nothing calling for remark in the other sections of the country.

The Cincinnati *Price Current* says: The number of hogs packed in the West the past week is 220,000, as compared with 225,000 for the corresponding week last year. The total from March to date is 2,080,000, against 1,815,000 a year ago. The number of hogs packed last week at large cities was as follows: Chicago, 1,115,000; Kansas City, 344,000; St. Louis, 87,000; Cincinnati, 52,000; Indianapolis, 65,000; Cedar Rapids, 83,000; Cleveland, 50,000.

The San Francisco *Call* publishes crop reports from the principal wheat-growing counties of the state. The figures show the yield to be even under previous estimates, and that it will not exceed 24,000,000 bushels, or about three-sevenths of last year's crop. In six counties only will there be over half a crop. Six counties will give a quarter of a crop, and the remainder will not give more than one-eighth of a crop. The probabilities are that next year's acreage will show a large decrease, while the fruit area will be largely increased. The fruit crop of all kinds throughout the state excepting a few sections will be large and of good condition.

MARY KLEMAN'S CRIMES.

Something Told Her to Poison Her Father, Mother and Sisters—The Girl Undoubtedly Insane.

Mary Kleman, a girl in jail at Chicago, who has heretofore persistently asserted her innocence of the crime with which she is charged—that of administering poison to the family of Mrs. Michael Freres, her sister, with whom she has made her home for a short time, at Rose Hill—has now confessed that she is guilty not only of the attempts upon their lives, but of causing the deaths of her mother, father, and another sister in Dubuque, Iowa. Her mother died in July of last year; her sister Lena in August, and her father Michael in March of this year. She assigns no motive for her crimes, other than that she was compelled to commit them, and is evidently insane.

Mary Kleman is less than 22 years old, slender, dark, rather pretty, prepossessing in manner and an invalid, having but partial use of her lower limbs and feet. She has an innocent expression, and looks even more youthful than she is. Her eyes have the strange, bright, fixed look so often seen with a diseased mind. For the past two months she has lived with her sister at Rose Hill, to whom she came after the burial of her father in Dubuque. Several times since she has lived with her sister she has prepared the meals, and at nearly every occasion when she has done so the family, consisting of Michael Freres and his wife and two small children, have been taken all with vomiting immediately afterwards. Michael Freres found a package of greyish-colored powder in the yard a week ago last Tuesday morning. When he ate his soup at noon he was seized with vomiting, and observed a sediment in his soup-plate corresponding to it in appearance. Upon further examination more of the same substance was found in his wife's and the children's plates. He carried both the powder found in the yard and that in the plates to Evanston, for analysis, and called in a physician to attend to the family. The result showed that the powder was poison. Mary Kleman was accordingly arrested. She has wept continuously till the last day or two since her incarceration, and asserted that her sister had preferred a false charge against her for the purpose of obtaining a small amount of money ($100), which she claimed she had. When her lawyer went to Rose Hill to take possession of her effects, her money could not be found. The house occupied by Mary Kleman's sister stands upon the rise about the village of Rose Hill. It is a newly painted, neat little cottage, with green blinds. The Fieresses occupy the rear portion of the attic, which is unfinished, and rent the front part. Their home is but partly paid for. Michael Freres is a carpenter by trade, and all the neighbors speak well of him and his wife. Mrs. Freres is very youthful in appearance, and nearly as fragile as her sister. Her mouth is surrounded with sores from the effects of the poison. The children are still ailing from it, and Michael is not yet able to be about his work.

They attribute Mary's acts to insanity. She has always been a wilful girl, they say, and recently spent her money capriciously, but they at the time thought this was only the temporary result of illness. The girl, when seen by a reporter, lay in her narrow cot in a very excited and rather hysterical condition, the youthful brow being wrinkled up in a manner painful to look upon.

"Did I kill my father, my mother, and Lena?" said she, reiterating the questioner's words, while her eyes were fixed on the wall, then she half screamed with her eyes dilating, "I couldn't help, couldn't help it. Something came to me and made me do it."

Soon she broke into a passion of tears. "I always loved my mother, but she was ailing, and it kept at my side and whispered in my ears all day and in the night, 'Let her sleep in peace—let her lie in the cold earth.' So I bought the poison, and I gave her a little at a time till she was gone. I was very sad because I loved her—except when it came to me. Then, when Lena came here, it pointed its finger at her all the time, and so I gave her a little too, till it was over. When I was taken sick I didn't always remember, but I had a medicine for my head that brought my senses back. So when spring came father wasn't well, and I thought he'd be better along with a doctor. When I came to my sister's I got another box of poison. I put it on my feet. It was good for the folks to put them to rest, and I thought it would be good for my feet. I stood on the pantry shelf; I couldn't help putting it in the soup. I couldn't help it. I don't know why I did it. There is nothing here to tell me why I did it; sometimes there is."

"Was it to get the money that would come at your father's death?"

"No, no; I hated that money; I spent it as fast as I could; I cannot tell why—oh, I cannot tell why," throwing her arms wildly over her head.

"Will they put the rope on my neck now and have me—will they hang me to-morrow? Send for a priest quick, quick, that I may confess my sins. Don't let him wait a moment. I must have this load away, and don't leave me alone," she cried, "I'm afraid to stay alone. Oh! I'm afraid!"

Then she flung herself on the cot, weeping piteously, and the matron stole in, bearing a bottle of chloral and a spoon. Presently, too, a rever